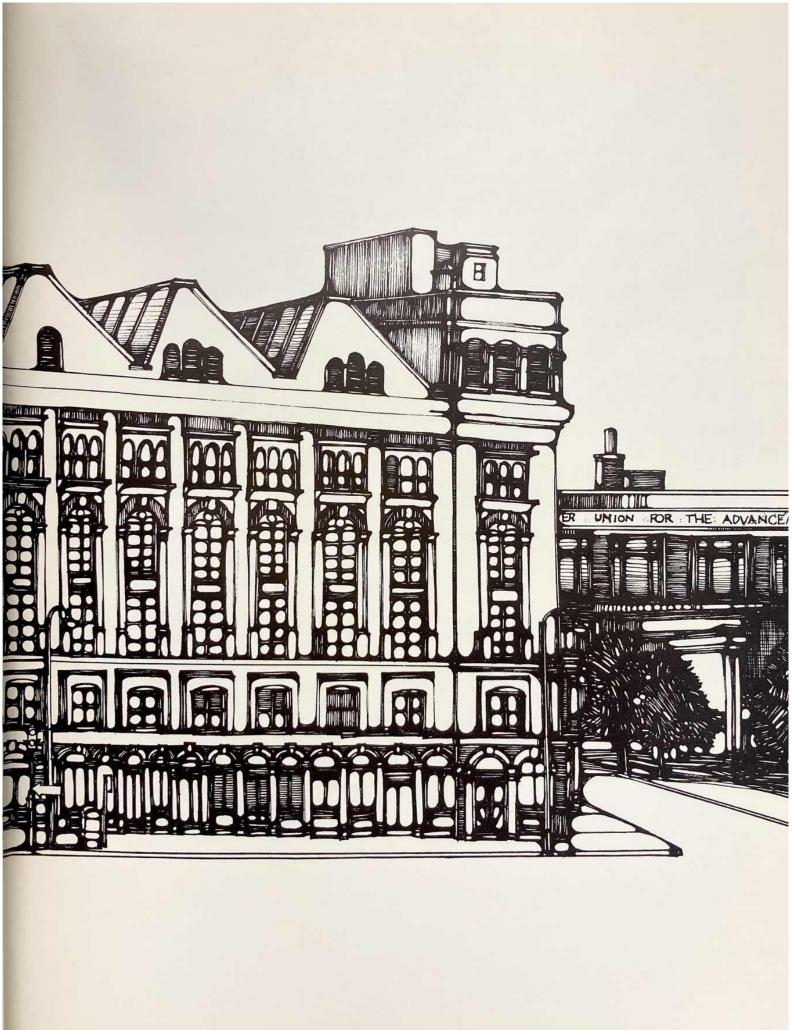
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In the early sunset, the light a soft gold, the mountain lies like a blanket: brown, protective, peaking over the form of earth's body beneath, folding down into dark creases, clinging. A faint shadow of white air creeps in from the ocean; then the wind, blowing stronger, rushing closer, closer, over the Pacific, driving in the clouds, pushing in the clouds, hitting the wall that forms the coast, rising higher, higher, the clouds closing out more of the sky, turning it grey, then dark, then, finally, gone. The fog covers the mountain, resting on the ridges, falling in the folds. And the sea, muffled, inexhaustible, whispers a steady rhythm of surf. The wind pushes lonely through the trees, as if this were the only place that ever was, the only place, that ever, was. The murmur of the land: marking time by the color of a leaf, the wetness of the wind, the heat of the soil.

Herein lies the human tale:

Of social institutions, adjusting, reacting under the force of their own internal battles.

Of teachers and educators, entering, exiting, growing through the catharsis of personal involvement.

Of homes, and their environment, decaying, rebuilt by the unknowing conspiracy of a hundred-fold carpenters.

Of man, who, in his labors both moral and physical, seeks to insert into the flow of time and space, an artifact of his own making; who rebels against his condition, leaving a mark, somewhere, sometime, to interrupt the hypnotic percussion of time, and time's weight; who, in so doing, shouts with the subtlety of his own anonymous voice, I am here, I have done this.

Change: the symphony of man.



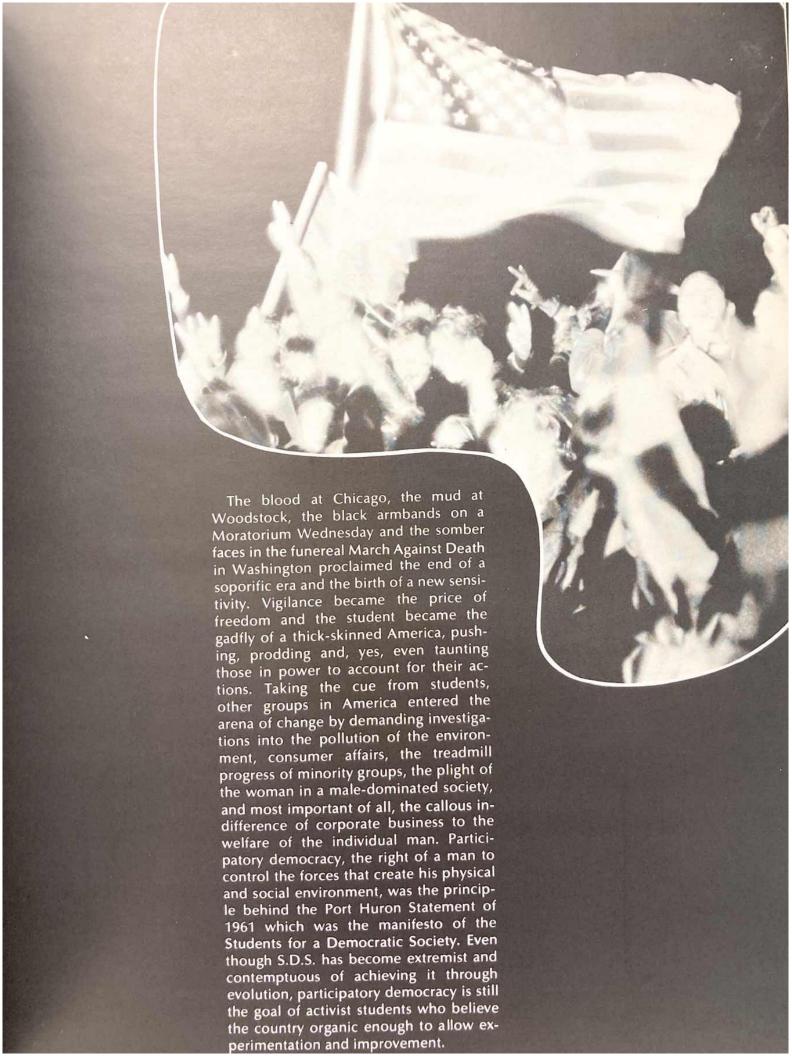


## STUDENT POWER AND GOVERNMENT

In terms of effectiveness and rallying power the phrase "Student Power" hardly compares with the blunt, determined "Black Power" cry of a people finally demanding their rights, and it lacks the light, airy and enticing quality of "Flower Power" spoken by those who are quietly carving out a society within a society. In fact, the chant of "Student Power" is seemingly paradoxical for, after all, how could one who is just beginning the labor of learning be entitled to the fruits of that labor: responsibility and, in cruder terms, power? Yet the paradox of student power is the most important concern of colleges and universities (and perhaps high schools) throughout the nation, and its resolution may also give a clue to how the juggernaut of modern technological society can be slowed and redirected so that it will serve, intread of crush, the American people.

In the past decades student power has been a dead issue, getting little or no attention from either students or administrators. Instead of colleges adjusting to fullfill student ideals and meet their expectations, the exact opposite was true. Entering students adapted to schools, accepting the rules and regulations laid down in the trusty black and white of handbooks and the grey of unwritten traditions that, like academic ivy, had crept into every nook and cranny of school life. There was some grumbling from students, of course, but that remained very carefully confined to fraternity houses and student lounges. 'Till the 60's. In the 1960's students began to discover that, contrary to what their professors and deans had told them, all was not well in America or in the world for that matter. The grumbling soon turned to strident indignation.

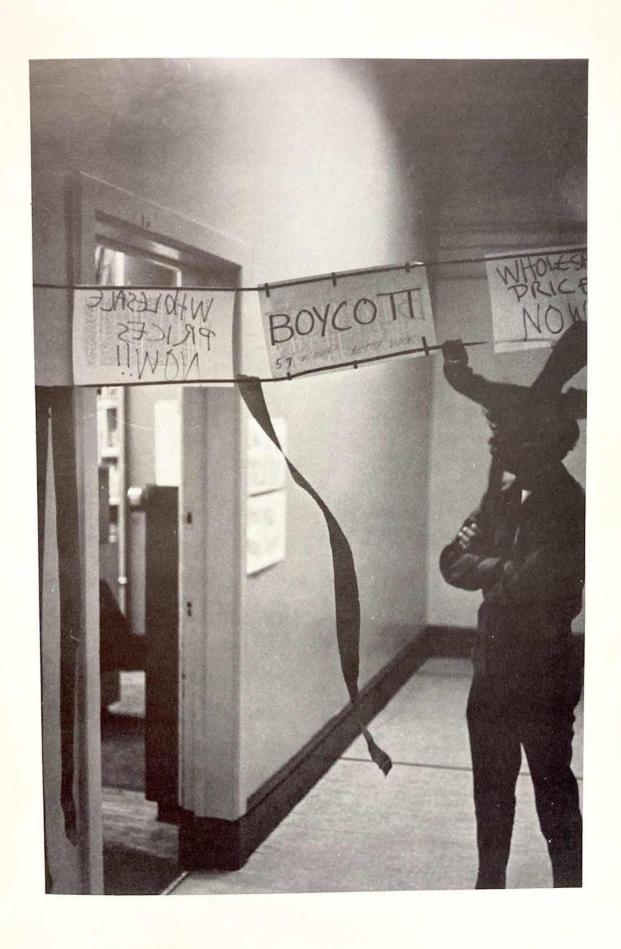
John F. Kennedy offered a new guiding light for the country and especially for the youth of America who yearned for a bold, charismatic leader. But his flame was extinguished in Dallas in 1963 and the dark was terrifying. The snail-like progress of the civil rights movement, a non-war in Vietnam and a President from Texas who was rooted in the past while American students looked hungrily for a finer future, all nurtured discontent on campuses and the growth of radical organizations like the Students for a Democratic Society. Faith in the traditional American institutions, such as the political system and the free enterprise ethic, began to waver, and for the more radical students it was lost entirely, being replaced by a heresy that urged a violent and immediate reformation of the American society. Severed from their societal moorings students began to set their own standards and ideals that often-time crossed the demarcation line drawn society seperating the acceptable from the taboo.





Cooper Union has not been insensitive to all that has been going on around it. The complexion of student life at Cooper Union has changed considerably in the past years with more and more students emerging from the cocoon of professionalism in art, architecture and science, and gaining a new perspective that is more revealing and disconcerting. However, vision without action is almost worthless, so student groups at Cooper have begun to attack problems that had been glossed over before. The Cooper Peace Union and the Moratorium Day Committee "brought the war home" when they turned the cafeteria into a forum for Viet Nam war discussion on 15 October. A little later in the year a fervent group of activist Art students calling themselves "Local Number One" staged a boycott of the school store to protest the high prices, inadequate services and a general lack of improvement and innovation. Although a committee was formed to investigate the management of the store, it is unlikely that Local Number One will let the issue be lost in beaurocratic shadows.

When the Central Intelligence Agency came to recruit on campus the dialogue between students and the administration was more heated and the climax more dramatic. A group of about one hundred and fifty students met in the Wollman Lounge to discuss possible action on the matter, and finally, in a tense scene, the leaders of the group asked President White, who had come at the students request, to remove the C.I.A. man from the campus. President White reluctantly agreed, and the recruiter left as furtively as he had come. While the students both condemned and condoned the confrontation, the denouement left few people indifferent, and perhaps that is where its greatest value lies.

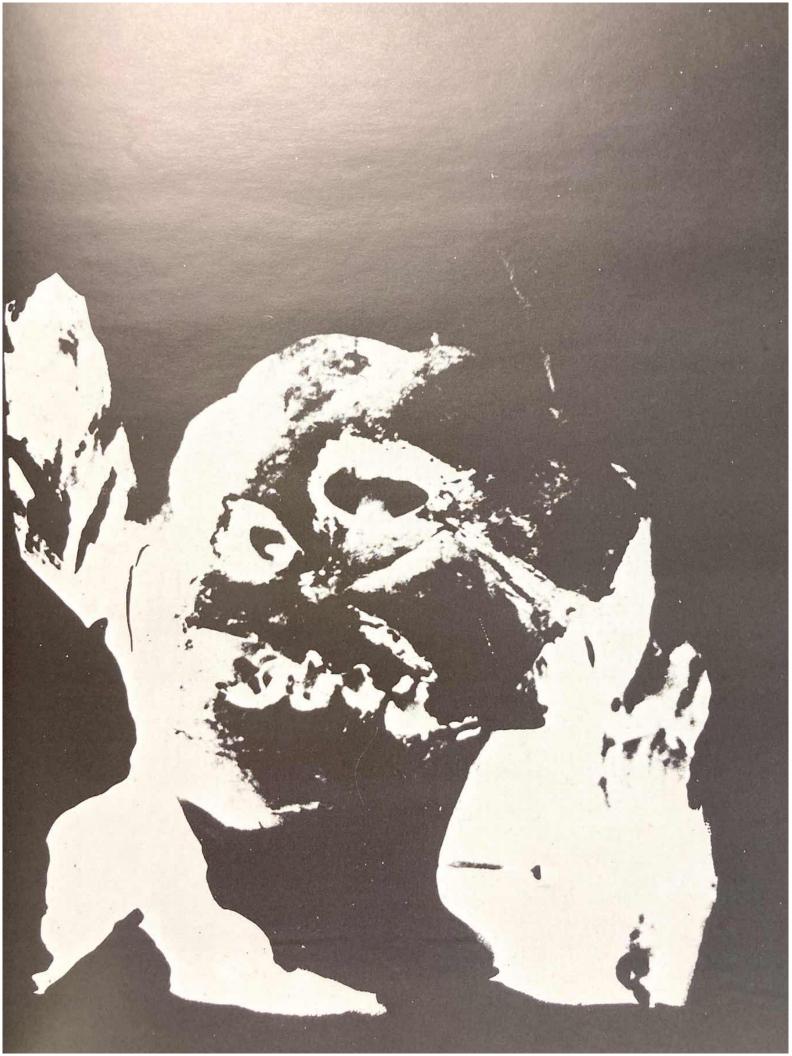


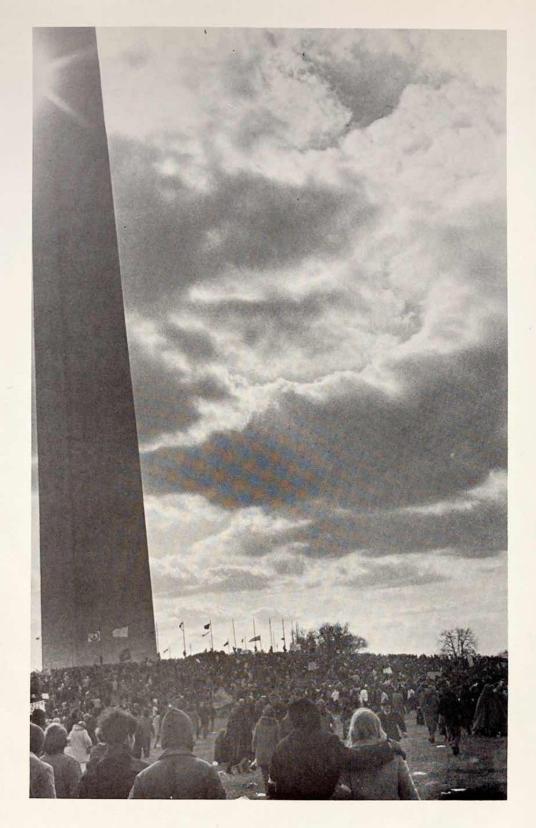
These have been the causes célèbres of the year, but student groups have pushed in other directions also. After a protest by the sophomore art students over the unpopular Age of Revolution course in the Humanities curriculum, a joint student-faculty committee was formed to revise and resuscitate the curriculum. Renovation was also on the agenda when the Art School students demanded more working area in the Foundation and Hewitt Buildings and less of the Air Resources Department on campus. There was also talk of abolishing that academic Sword of Damocles, the grading system, in favor of a pass-fail system, but few people have illusions of that happening in the near future.

Although this past year at Cooper Union has been more turbulent than previous years, the student power movement at Cooper was not suddenly born in

the 1969-1970 school year. The movement's presence was felt in the controversial sit-in against an Air Force recruiter in 1967 and in similar demonstrations that resulted in the banishment of all military recruitment from campus. The movement also manifested itself in the "Theater of Recognition" demonstration in 1968 in which students protested the presence of the Hughes Aircraft Company on campus by staging a grotesque, latter-day morality play concerned with the evil of the Vietnam War and the companies that make a direct profit from it. It is true that these protests were greeted with derision and sometimes even hostility, but now the mocking laugh has ceased and an uneasy attentiveness has replaced it. The young people of today are looking at the world through old eyes.







The student power movement is still growing at Cooper Union but where is it heading? The movement could easily become private property of a few activist groups at Cooper, like Local Number One, who have their own ideas on how the school should be run but are certainly not representatives of the student body. At the other extreme the movement can become impotent if it shifts the responsibility of reform to Administrative donothing committees that vanish after a

while like so many Cheshire cats and leave behind only the smile of things promised. These two alternatives—radical action or acquiesence to existing evils—reflect the dilemma that is confronting many students in America today. Violent action or a maddening stasis. If these are the only options open to students in the 1970's, then the fulminations of the past decade will be only a prologue to the future.



### THE PEACE MOVEMENT



Is a phenomenon which has given a large part of the country political consciousness and has given another part the incentive to be Fascist; stirred up doubts in the American system and stirred up a new police self-image; burned flags, draft cards, mom, apple pie, and burned incense in their place. Opposition to the war has been analysed in all sorts of ways, biological, psychological, personal. Here, the way is quasi-historical.

Peace movement in Cooper, and there has been one, even if it has been teeny-tiny, was a form of the pulls, pushes, and people that was the real peace movement. This industrial trade school is a cracked mirror that can serve as a skin that can shape a shimmering force so fundamental that its users use the terminology of its enemy, the warrior, without much concern. Assumptions, lifestyles, actions are all predicated on this force. It has brought to mind the very base of America, and the question of freedom.

Peace started in America in 1962. The date is arbritrary. What it signifies is an awareness that there was a common cause. The impetus for the union of sorts was probably the students returning home from the wars in the South. These kids were trying to achieve their goal and didn't care who they associated with. Communists, who had always opposed any American action that Moscow disliked, were there to work among and with. There

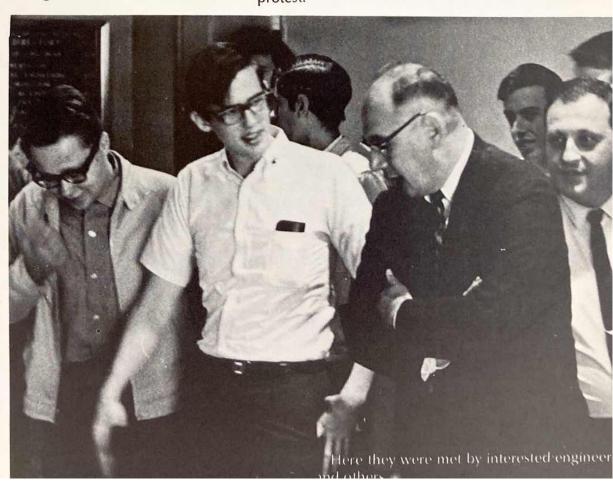
were the established peaceniks like War Resister's League, Quakers. There were the ban-the-bomb people.

Berkeley, Stanford antiwar sit-ins were the nascent movement. Everybody would pull together. The feeling was that the initial success of the rights movement would be that of the peace movement, however, little happened.

The first big attempt at acting was the large March, 1965 March on Washington.

Cooper Union had its peace start

with its Marxists. The Dubois club was as hardline as you could get. In operation, though, the club seemed to have served a didactic purpose. Still, opposition to the war was on a certain bias. The club made political capital of the war. There were still others who opposed the war, but since the Dubois had the only game in town, lots of people played. The club, like the real, was wracked with personality clashes. Despite all its problems, its members (in a weird parody of the Washington march, which was a duplicate of Martin King's Washington march) were involved in a protest against South Africa. The club also mounted an opposition to a fully uniformed Air Force recruiter, brimming over with propaganda to delude the eager engineers. An agitator called for the opposition, which numbered a handful, to go over to the Engineering Building in order to tell the recruiter that he had no right to exist. The recruiter, that is. The compassion and democracy of the mob decision, as well as the seeming impropriety of the act decided upon, as well as the violence implicit in the act of sitting in, compelled one member of the mob to call for a meeting the next day to form a committee for the non-Dubois fellow travelers. The surging mass, mostly art school girls, went valiantly into the den of engineers and registered their protest.



This was the Peace Union. The alternative to revolution was stated. The Union caught the tail of the Dubois people, and sort of brought peace along after the other considerations waned. Dubois dissipated and eventually ½ the Peace Union was from the club. This caused inner tension in the Union. Two different attitudes, the war is a symptom attitude versus the war is a disease attitude clashed. This is not to say that there were not clashes between the parties on the same side in conflict.

Squabbling among themselves, divided in any action, the Cooper Peace Union really symbolized reality.

Pathetically, the sign had come. Bertrand Russell's symbol for unilateral nuclear disarmament, the semaphore N,D, meant peace. It is probably the people from SANE who brought the sign over. There was expectation since nobody was sure what would happen next. The pacifists had lost the lead, but the militants had not rose to dominance yet.

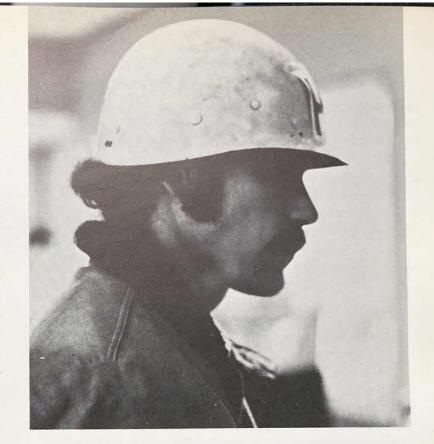
In the middle of the confusion Cooper had a demonstration against the manufacturer of the one thing that symbolized the gore in Vietnam, Napalm. The action was the last "civil rights" type action, with picketing and leafleting and jawing. A whole lot of people were turned off by the ineffectualness of this sort of action. This was in the '67 term.

The dying gasps of large demonstrations was the evolution of a theatrical approach. This all happened in the time that had hippies B.S. (before the slum), when money was thrown from above the stock exchange. The idea is that living art is a valid revolution, and as a way of life is the most constructive utilization of art. Art as mere device was incomplete. The idea came from a lot of places. Abbie Hoffman practiced loudly. Show and circumstance was the authority of the others, and to ridicule the absoluteness of the specific ritual and replace the ritual by theater, was to effect the change in authority. Somewhat like pageantry plays that apes perform when they fight. Responding late, Cooper had a theater piece, probably titled War





and Death to welcome the recruiter from Hughes Aircraft, Oct. Symbols had tarnished a little and it effect was that was deemed necessary by those who called the demonstration.



Some people saw humor as a device to educate. Some were humorless, totally so.

The action was a belated symbolism of the action of Oct, '67. A group of sorcerers went down to the Potomac and decided that the evil pentagram must be removed. Levitation followed immediately. Show of color was made into a battleground by the more militant groups. The figure was to be shut down. 11,000 troopers said no. This, like Hughes, was fun, ineffectual, and unlike Hughes, was bloody. A few people, thinking that a demonstration was a show of force and seeing that they were outnumbered, outgunned, outorganized, decided they were going to live their lives as if the war was over, counting on consistancy in a bureaucracy based on irrationality, i.e. consistancy of fumbling and disorder. Others decided that to outorganize a thing world-known for its largeness, was ridiculous, so small action was planned, based on surprise and speed.

Liberals had a liberal re-evaluation when they saw half-crazed deputies, goaded on by half-crazed kids, do their duty. Pacifists wondered how this ended war. Many felt that if the shit, which certain groups wanted, was going to come down, it was silly to stand under it with your mouth open.

The conclusion of Arlington was in Chicago. There was the trial of conspiracy framed in tear gas, police riots, heads. Leftists and pinkos hardened their opposition. Well meaning people saw a lot of people hurt, with no redress. Working people saw kids getting what they asked for, as Fascism was explained away. The press took Chicago to heart. It bled all over the papers as the evil politicians who made it happen were placed on the rack of acoustical torture. The beneficiary of this emotional largess was a Southwestern politician, who was probably known by everybody as the biggest of dealers since Warren G. Harding. Death and slaughter became synonymous with LBJ, how many kids did you kill today. He took the brunt of the war. It was easy to laugh at Big Ears. He was eliminated and the war stayed. Nixon, though, was elected on a peace program.

Emphasis in the peace program changed too. After Johnson was no longer around support came when the cost of the war was attacked. With what it cost for 17 hours 22 minutes and 6 seconds, we could have rebuilt Newark. Also the war was pushed as a regrettable mistake, like the Great Depression. A relic of those days is that an article recently appeared in Ramparts

which said that at a meeting of the financial wizards that control this free land, mostly investment bankers, oilmen, etc. it was decided on a cost-account basis that the war in Vietnam was a bad investment and it was time to pull out. Some peace people take a conspiratorial or hereditary class view of American business and American war. Peace people is a moot name, they are antiwar, but in a businesslike way.

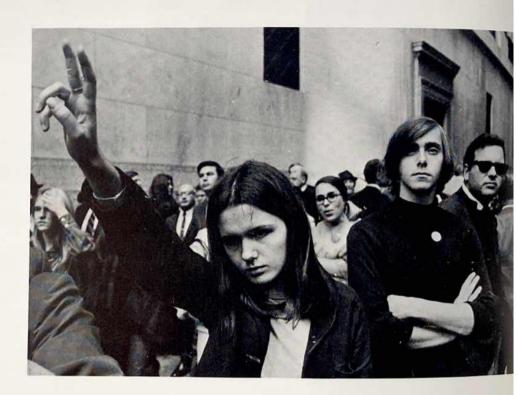
As the radicals gained prominence in even moderate cliques, it became dirty to be engaged in war profiting, not even profiteering. The contract system and the whole civilian involvement in defense was questioned. However there was still the sentiment that something had got into America to make it ready, earlier for peace, now for a growing radicalism. What was not noted was that radicals

There was a growing uneasiness in America. The feeling is best seen in rock bands, speed freaks and others.

These kids are in it for the fun. To do something. They are strong radicals, crazy freshmen, rock-throwers.

Some of the attitudes are reminiscent of the period in the Middle Ages, during the Black Plague.

This is not a negative statement. This involvement may be the most productive one.



P to get somether som

Another basis for agreement is the general
holding of the Military - Industrial - Labor complex
responsible for war. Oddly enough the symbol of
World War 2 the two first fingers extended in a form of a V
a Churchill - salute that spoke of the good fight against the
NAZIS and their allies the hated Japanese had become highball
sign of a generation seeing W W 2 as precursor of the wars following
it. Chicago had pretty much effected everyone. There was such overreaction
that the reason for the surfacing of the splits in the movement was this great urge

was inactive. Everybody was involved in something else. Black Panthers,
Women's Liberation were the forces that were to surface and gain some
support. The emphasis in Cooper, as in America, was on various local
issues. Though the causes weren't earthshaking, some things moved
Meanwhile the death rattle of the peace movement was the call
to March again on D. C. A lot of people still cared. More
unison
w are a bit
Young Social
people than ever before marched, more people than
ever before watched, more policemen than ever
before watched. The delicate negotiations

that preceded the event, like those at Chicago stockyards, were not enough.
Immediate withdrawal was the
only demand. Still three
marches occurred. T
he gap was too w
ide to bridge
with
reaction Peace.



The large, walking crowd. This was good because every-body was there. I met someone I knew 3 years ago.



Allied with the normal peacelovers and liberals are the people who believe that through the means of America, and restatements of the ideals of America, the monster that is devouring America can be stopped. And the war stopped. Radical independents sometimes funnel themselves into the viaduct which calls shrilly for an end to war. And will tolerate calls which demand this end, as Americans and true patriots. There is also a small group who would use flagwaving as an attention device, or a coercive means. The greatest indicator of the latter people is the person who says that we should have stumbled upon and used the flag sooner.

The other two "marches" were at the Department of Injustice, sort of Yippies and others, and the tear gas time at Dupont circle. A whole bunch (I saw 10) of Cooper people were there. Marches were dinstinguished by the active involvement of these gentlemen,



The radicals have garnished some support for their programs throughout the country, forming communes to provide a secure home base. In Cooper the one radical action that has enflamed and involved everyone was the love it or leave it pollicy applied to the CIA recruiter.



This tion was a statement of mostly antisentiwar but ment, most of the people behind it were radical revolutionaries. Even calls to demonstrate are couched in terms of university complicity in the war. It's a radical course action.



PEACE.



#### THE COOPER ENVIRONMENT

In the middle of New York, between Hartz Mountain pigeon dung and Air Pollution (both the Department and the dirty air), lies one Cooper Union. Peter's watchful eye over his Union of science and art has seen a wide variety of passing customs and fads, and the ebb and flow of the generations. As so it is; everything passes us by and The Cooper Union remains. But is The Cooper Union an island, unavailable to the neighbors, impregnable from the force of time and the elements? And is Cooper an ivory tower, that neither feels the joy of the rock renascence in the neighborhood, nor feels the pain of the slow decay of the once proud vicinity just steps away from the glitter?

Well, maybe. However, there are about 1400 doubters here who are at least partially convinced that they are part of the neighborhood and that the neighborhood is part of them. Even if the streets of Cooper Square smell like the john at McSorley's at midnight on Friday night, you can't take the East Village out of Peter's prodigies.

So we have sallied forth into the world, from the basement wombs of photo labs, soil mechanics labs, and lecture halls. It's very true that some of us never get past Papa Joe's hero stand and Mc-Sorley's annual pilgrimage in their all-too-short tenure at Cooper Union. But there's also Ratner's Restaurant, a dairy restaurant, originally constructed for the benefit of orthodox Jews who had their doubts about how kosher the meat was. Next to Fillmore East, the new temple of the young, lies this venerable restaurant catering largely to the old. Rapoport's Restaurant, a similar place on the next

block, died less than three years ago. Have Cooper students forgotten the old, and abandoned them for the glamour aimed for the (rich) young?

Anyone short of clothes can find lots of places to buy them. If he is too poor to buy them, he can go down the Bowery to the Municipal Lodging House or to the Salvation Army. For those of us more fortunate, there exist The Naked Grape, and Limbo, and Britain East, plus a lot of other boutiques.

Food! Have a hotdog at the Sabrett stand. Buy an ice cream cone at Iggy's. Have a sandwich at Blimpie's, or Mama's Grocery on Seventh Street. For formal eaters, there is hot curry at the Rajmahal, and two Chinese restaurants. There's Ratner's, and there are dilicatessens. For good ale, raw onions, and no ladies, there is McSocrley's Old Ale House, which was here before you were born. (Not to mention Gourmet Treats.) You can get anything you want . . . and the list goes on and on.

Music freaks are kings at the Fillmore and The Electric Circus. Health freaks have a haven at the Paradox macrobiotic food establishment. Charity freaks have lots of bums and begging youths to support. Reality freaks claim the Astor Place subway station. Union-type freaks can associate at District 65 headquarters on Astor Place. Book freaks have the best second-hand bookstore row (on Fourth Avenue) in the United States, or so claim the proprietors. Bargain freaks can go to S. Klein's. And cleanliness freaks can take off their clothes and purge themselves of urban grime at the St. Marks Baths.

So much for the esoterica of the East Village. It is also a home for the living.

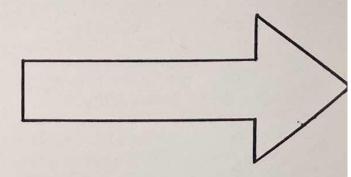
The East Village is filled with hippies, Ukranians, Slavs, Puerto Ricans, blacks, and even white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. They have their suppermarkets and Woolworth's. They have the Ottendorfer Library on Second Avenue. They can send packages to folks in the old country from several places. They? Wow, it's not they, it's we, because we are all together. It's all ours, because we at The Cooper Union are part of it, and we belong to all of it.

And they belong to all of us. Could you have come to school without Carl Fischer's clock? Or the Hare Krishna boys walking down St. Marks Place? Or the ten percent discount at Papa Joe's (alias Cozzoli Heros, alias Kolossal Heros)? Or settling down at a bar, a loft, or the ol' fraternity house? What would it have been like without someone asking you for some spare change in the morning? At least you knew that somebody loved you.

The parks belong to the people! Washington Square and Tompkins Square belong to everybody! There is still greenery in New York, and we have some of it. Let it not be said that the Cooper area is devoid of grass!

So now at graduation time, we can look back at all of the people we saw, and remember when it cost two-forthirty at McSorley's. And no matter how run down it becomes, and no matter how Cooper faces its future, and no matter what happens to the city and the country and the world, Cooper will be a vital part of the East Village area. Having seen one Ukranian at the Forum or one engineer lose his inhibitions at Fillmore makes it worth all the hassles at Cooper Union.

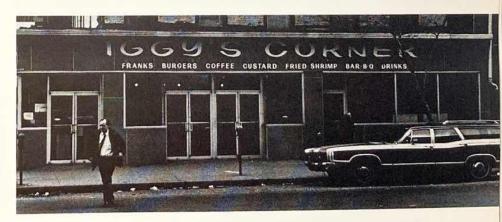
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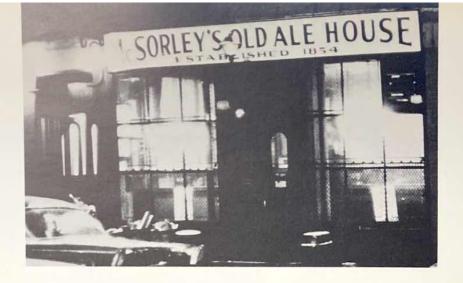
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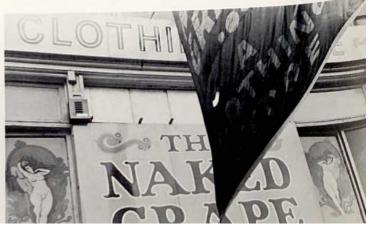












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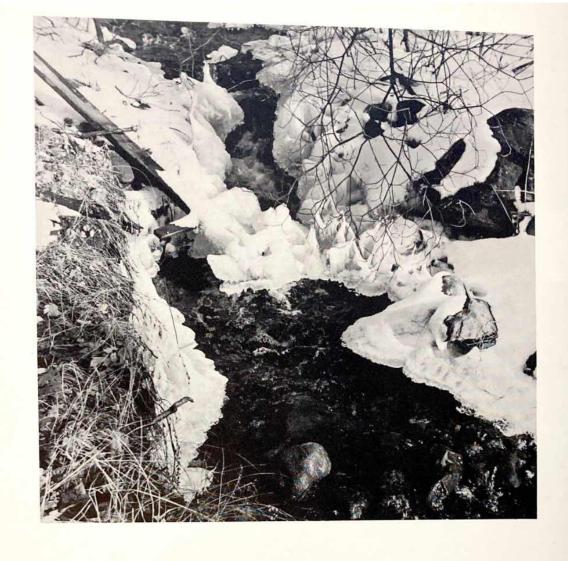




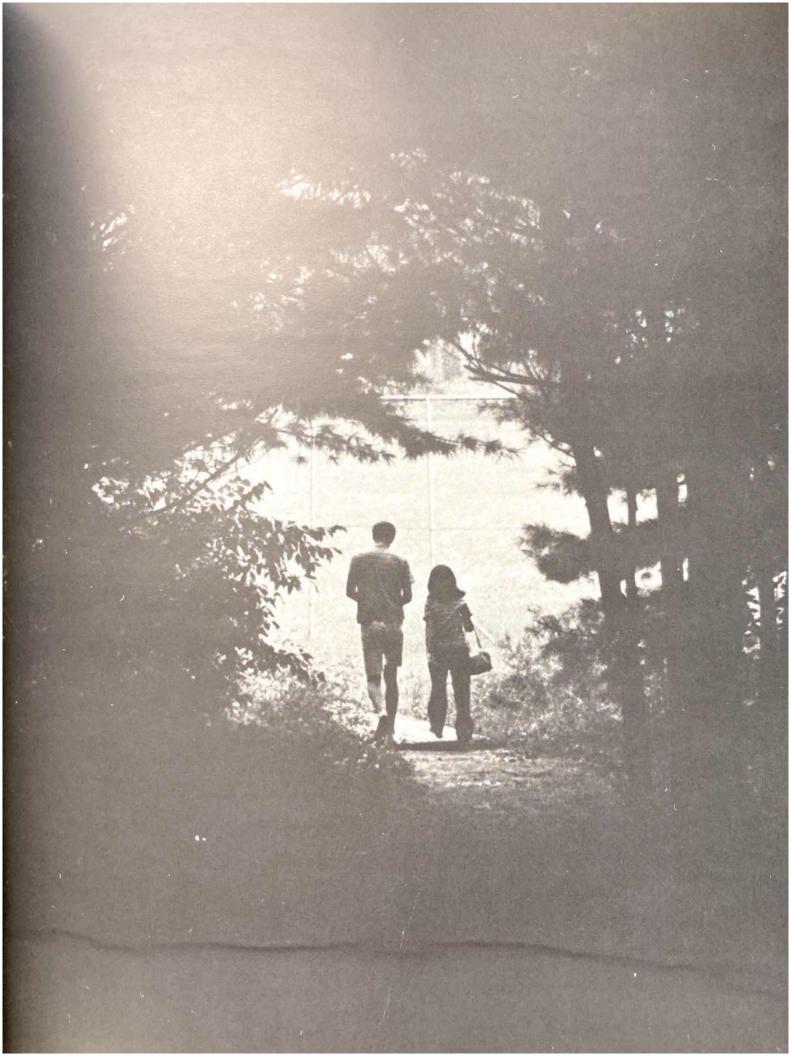




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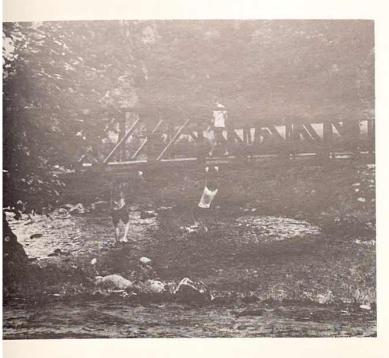


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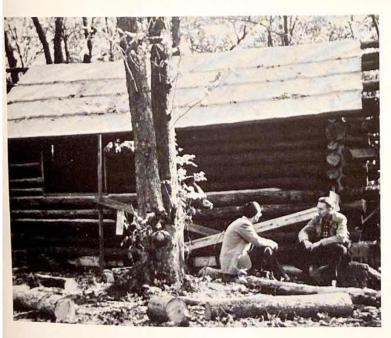


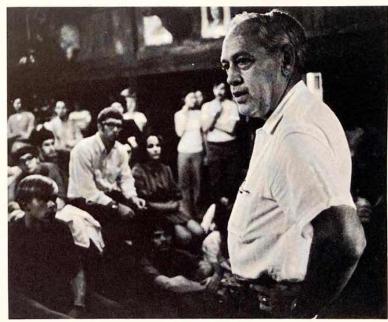


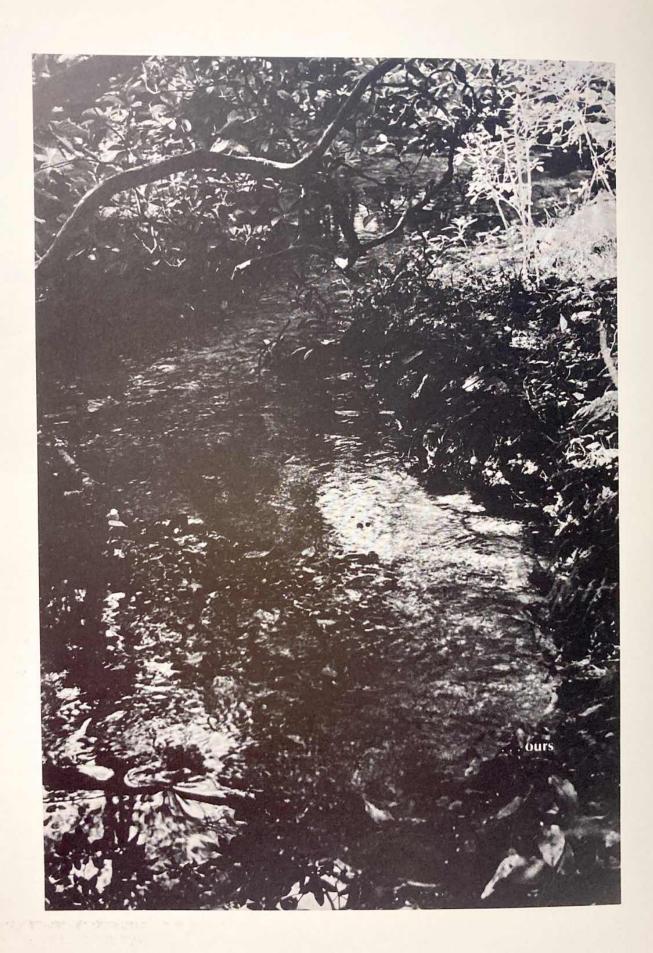


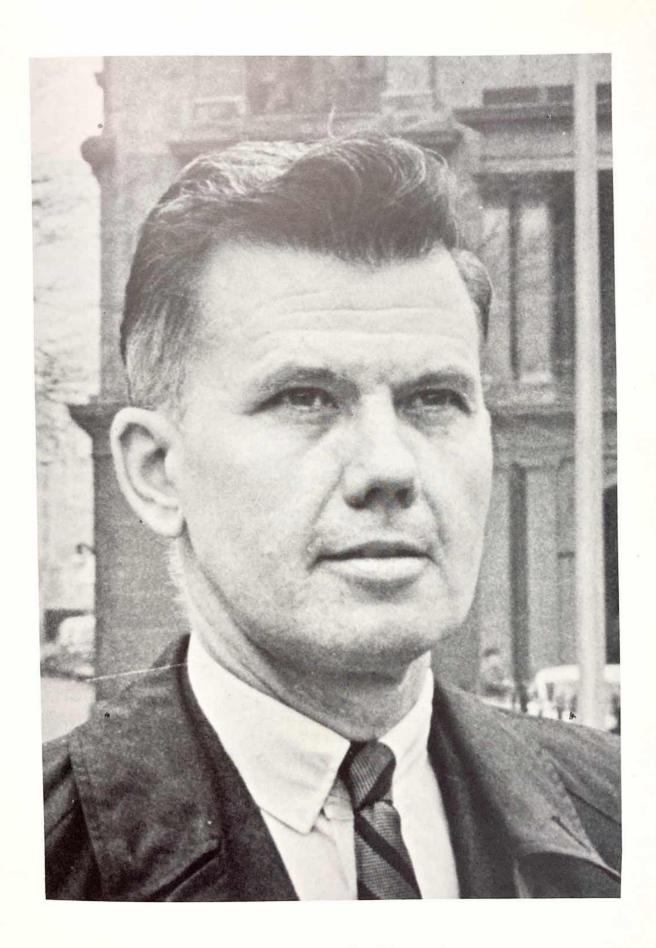








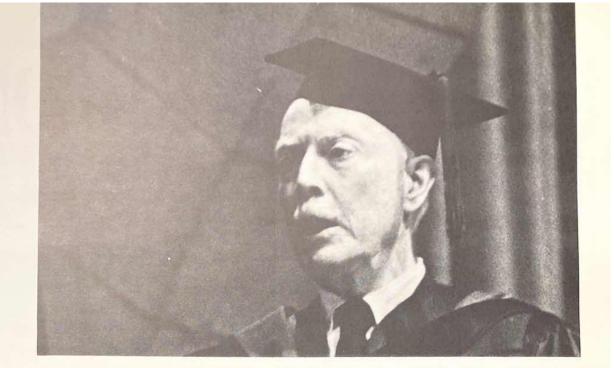


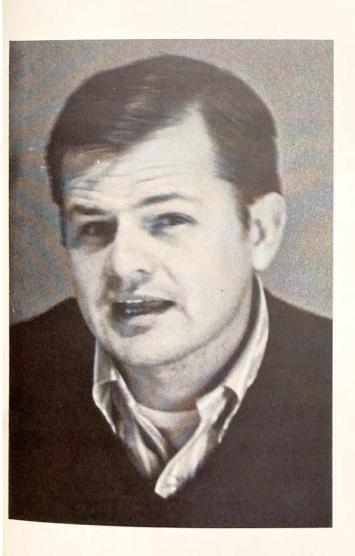


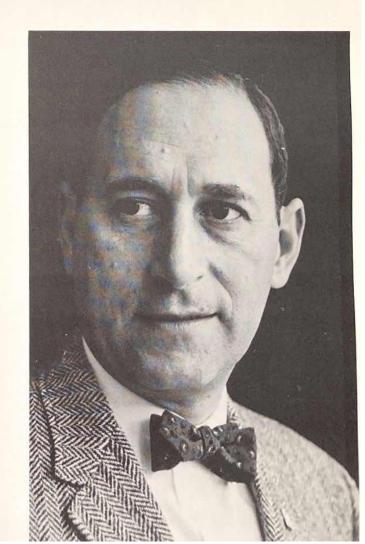










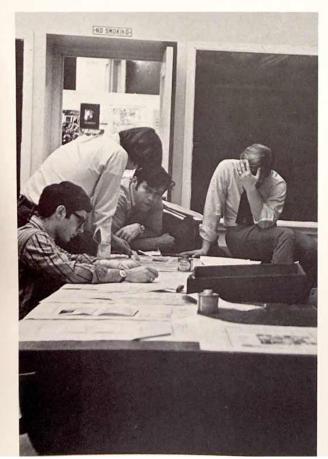


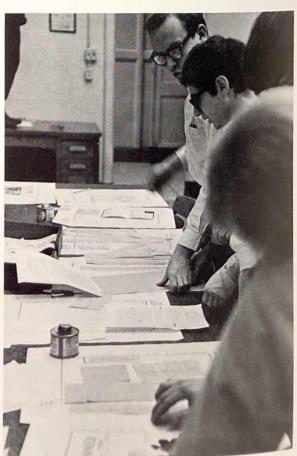
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COOPER SQUARE. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

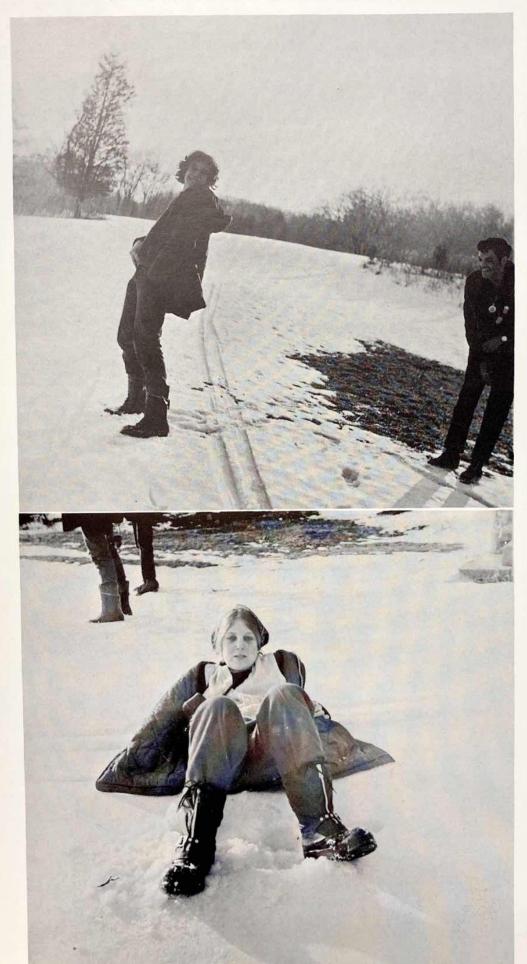


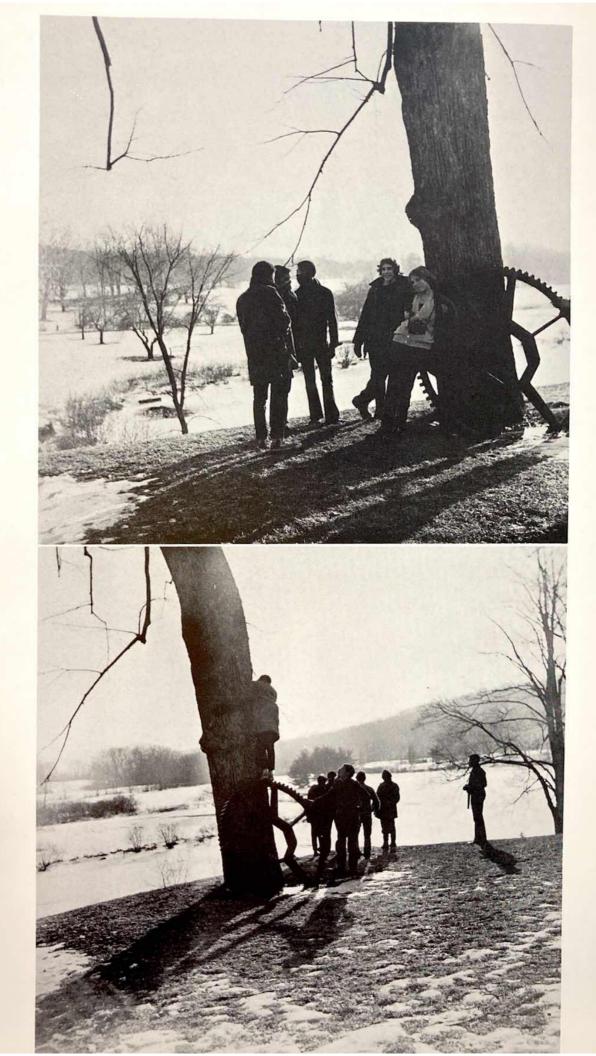






## SATURDAY PROGRAM

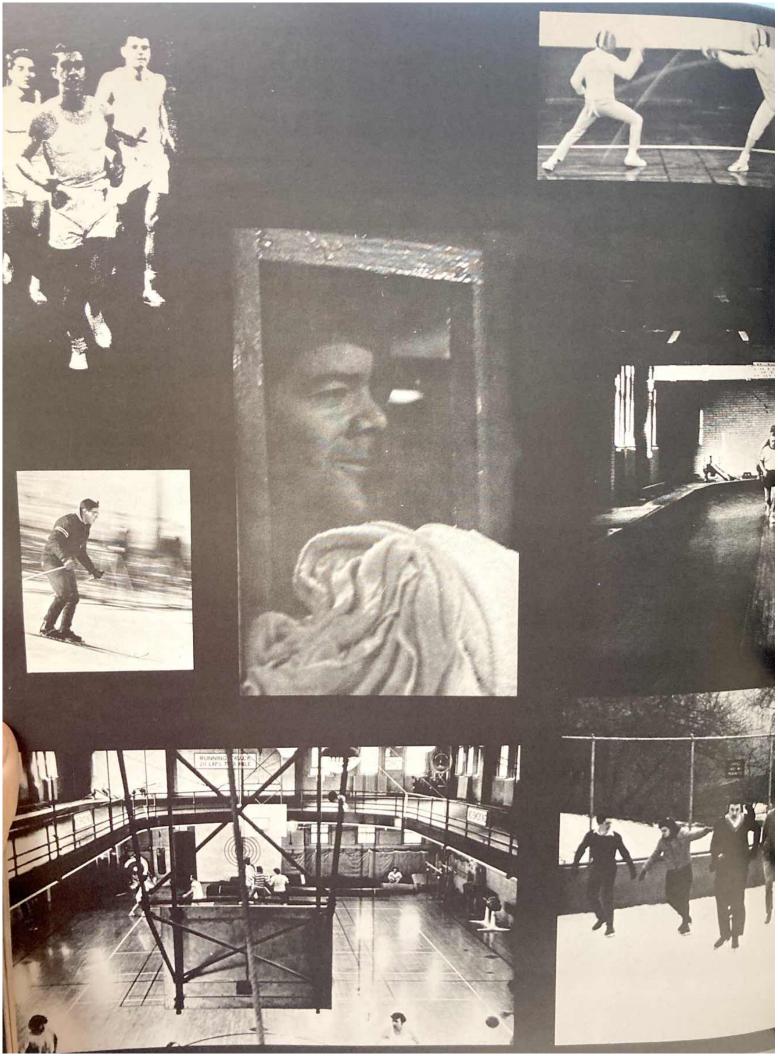


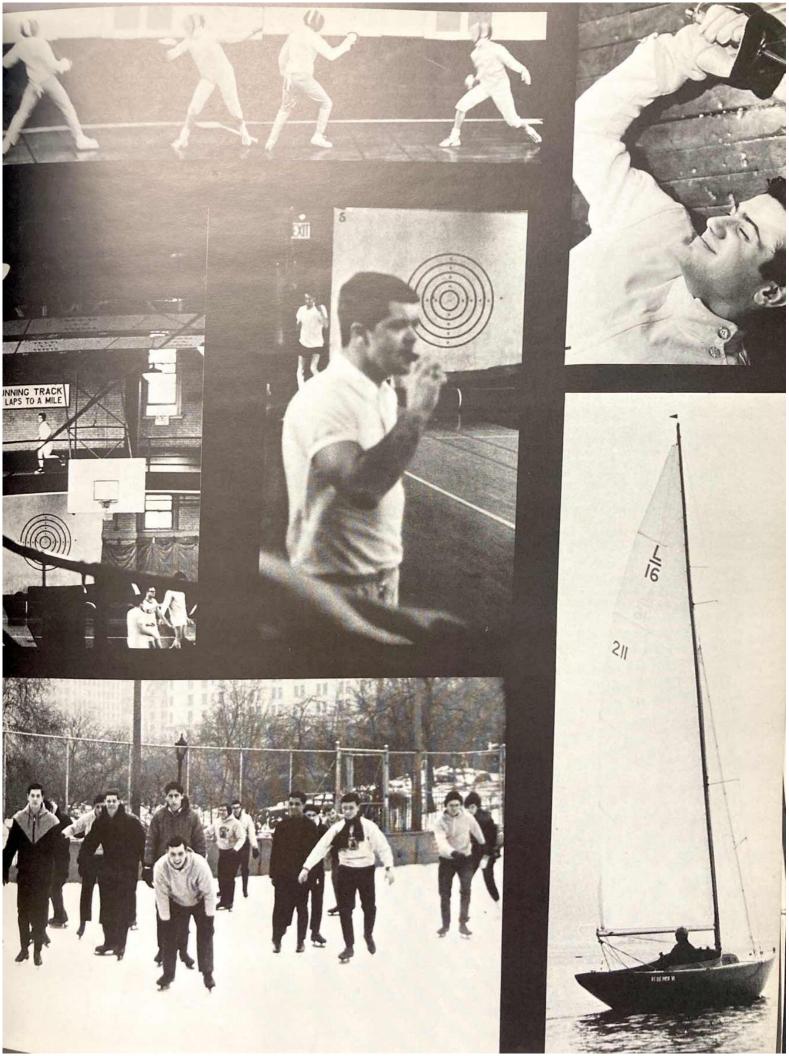


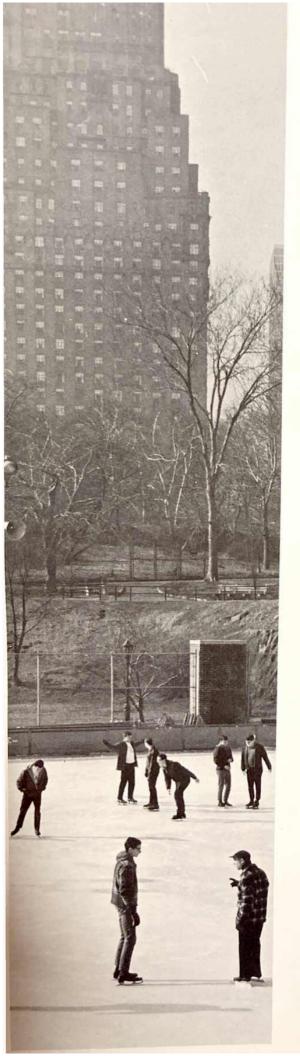
# CAVE DWELLERS



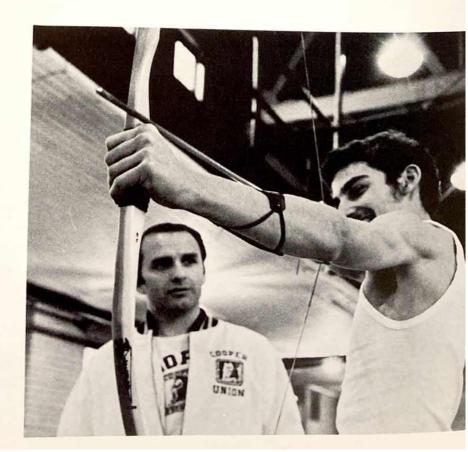
IN THE GREAT HALL DECEMBER 18, 19, 20, 8:00 P.M.



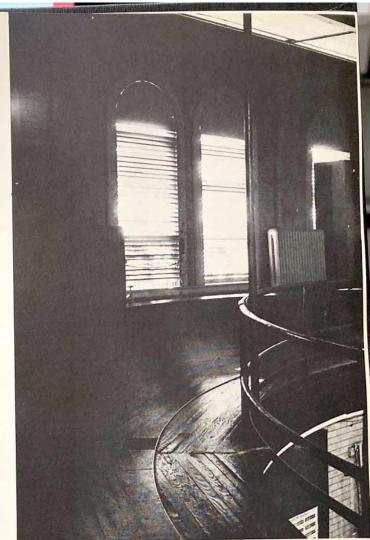




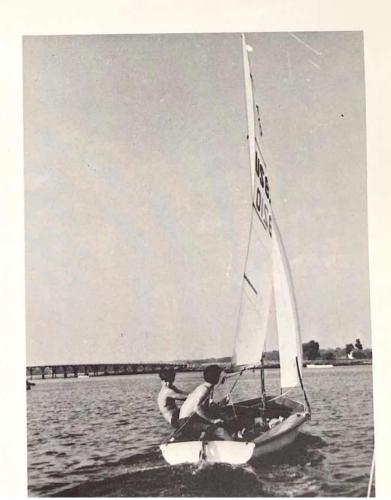


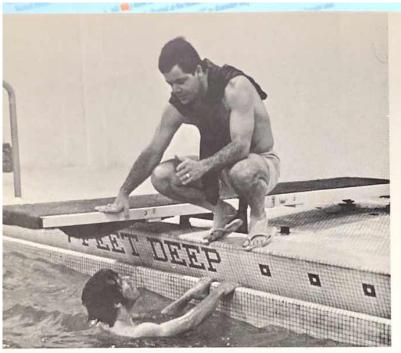




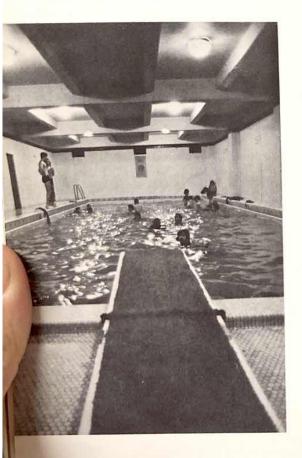


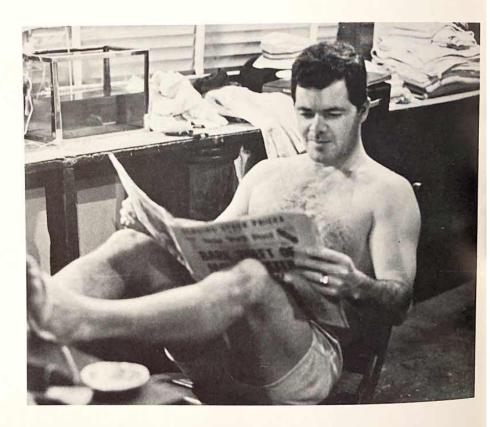


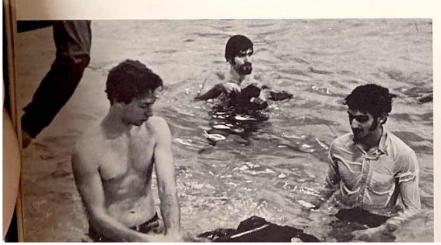








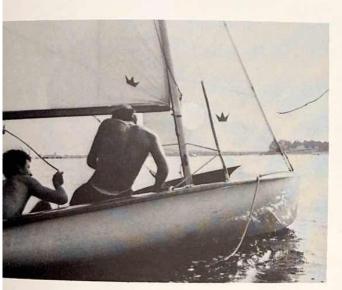








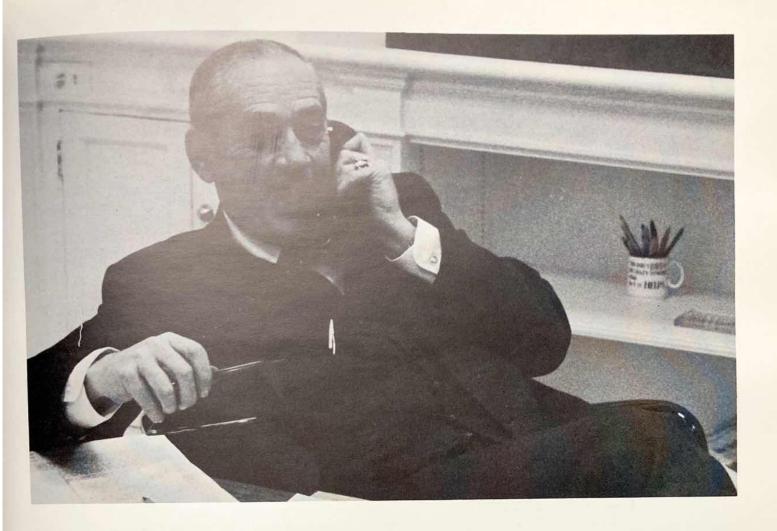












To the Class of 1970:

One of the things I might do least well, I suspect, would be to attempt a kind of presidential survey of the past five years at Cooper Union. I could, of course, recall the events of that half-decade which others have deemed significant enough to record in great detail, but these would be fragments of a special history much more yours than mine. I might be able to refresh your memory of an era in the life of this institution which saw many changes at Cooper Square, most of them desirable, the result of careful planning by dedicated men; some abrupt and saddening, accidents of time and fortune that man may never fully comprehend. But you have known these changes intimately and your stay here was affected by them.

It would be better for me to speak only of the time that we have shared together, this past year. I would like to believe that, lately, you may have sensed trends at Cooper Union with which you have found yourself comfortable, others that have offered an interesting challenge, still others that, in your minds, hold out the promise of more opportunities for those who will follow in your footsteps here.

We wish you well, and we trust that in the uncertainties that inevitably lie ahead, something you have gained with us will always serve to guide you to the better road.

John F. White

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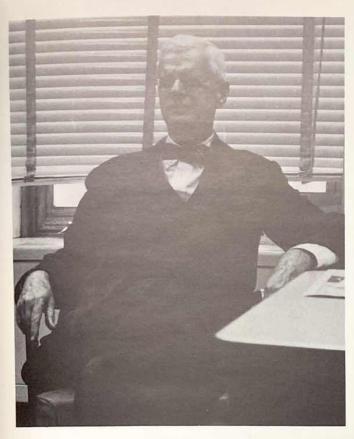
Felix Wallace, Department of Civil Engineering



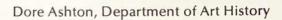
William Vopat, Department of Mechanical Engineering



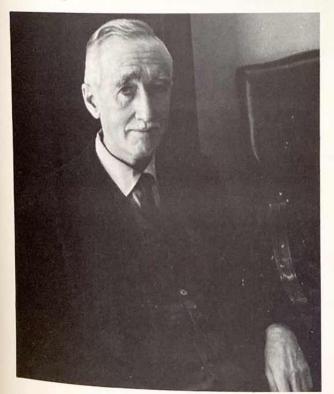
Richard Extermann, Department of Physics



William Flexner, Department of Mathematics









Dore Ashton, Department of Art History

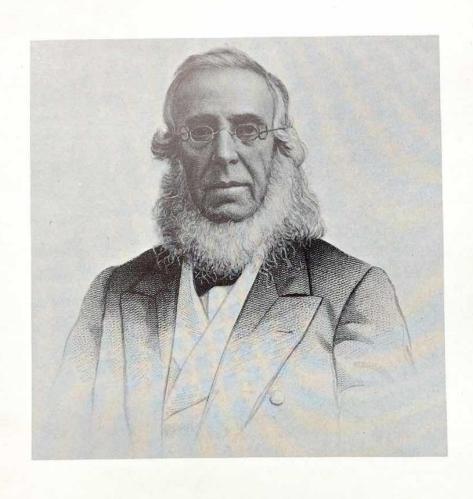


Stephen Haselton, Department of Humanities



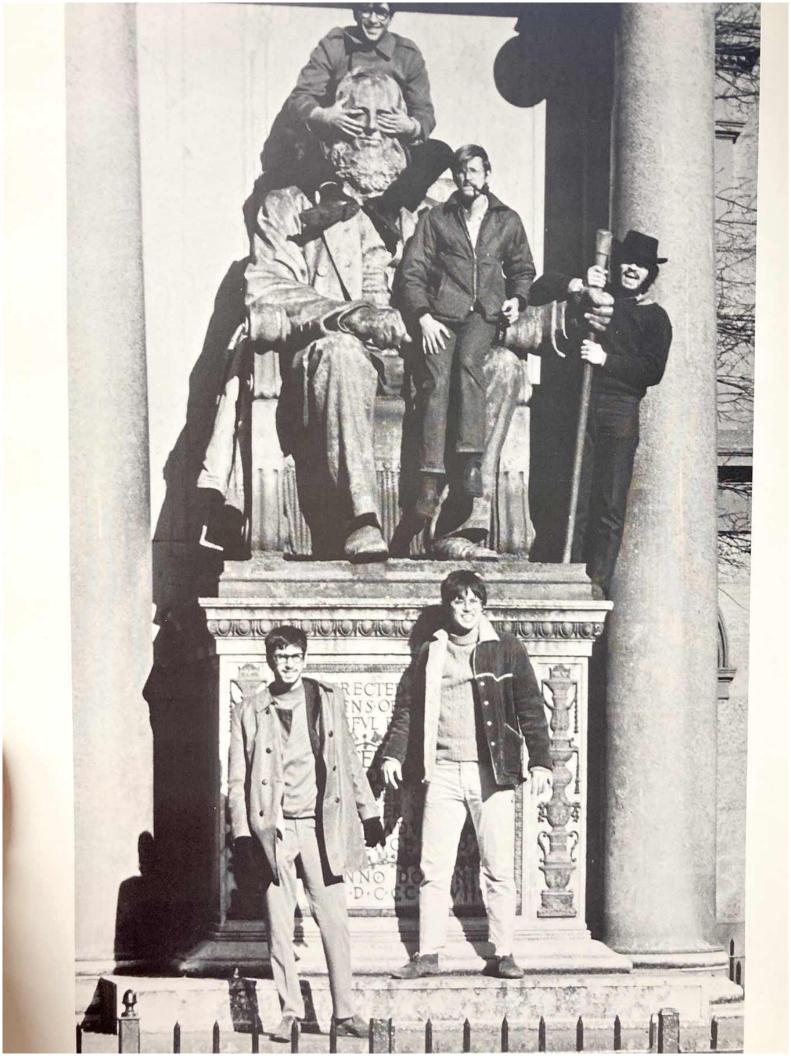
Charlie Seide, Department of Art

John Hejduk, Department of Architecture



chemical engineering
civil engineering
electrical engineering
mechanical engineering
physics

EERING SCIENCE





Richard Zucker
Paul Weinberger
Martin Altschul

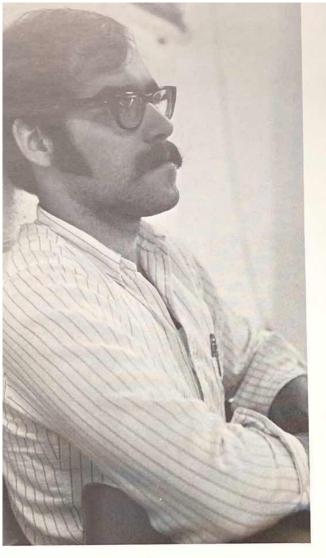
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Angelo Turturro

David Price

Michael Sadoff

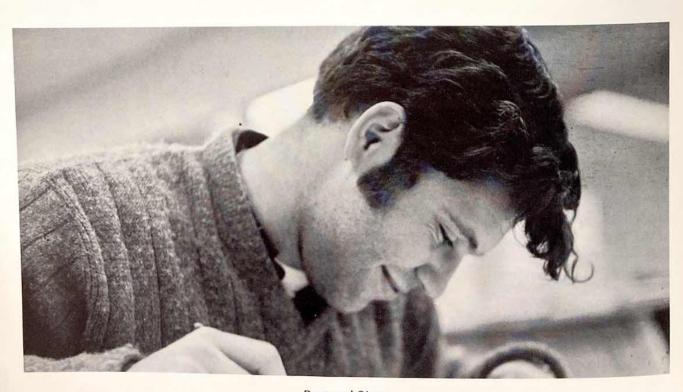
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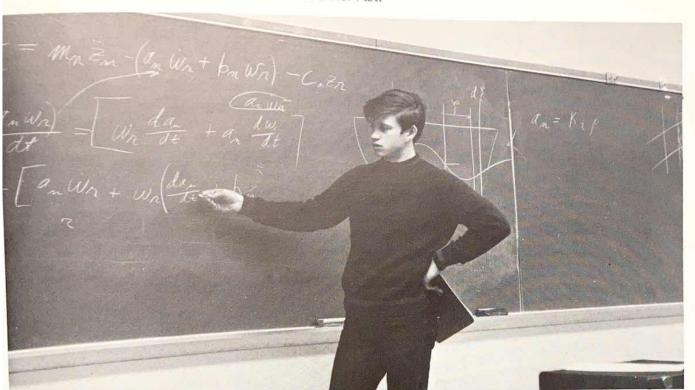
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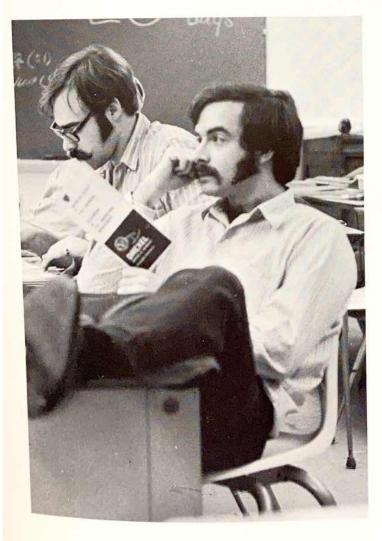
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Bernard Singer

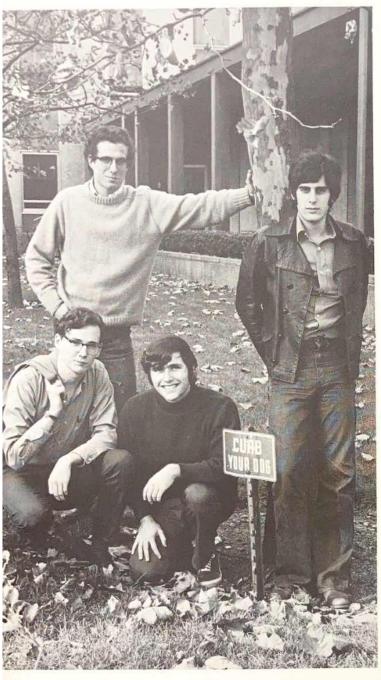




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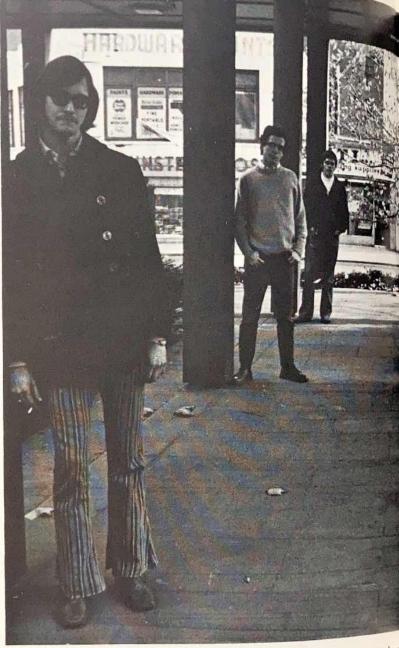
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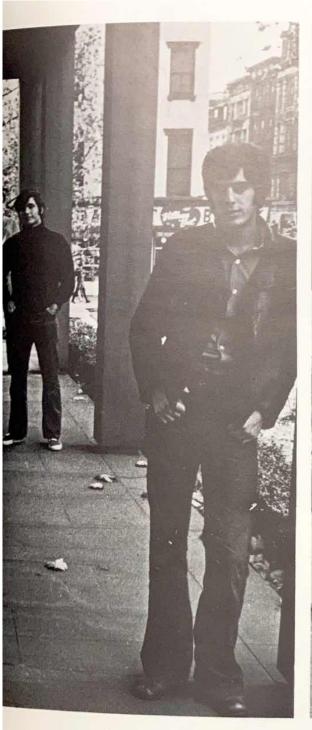


Arthur Gordon



Alan Kramer

Stan Lapidus





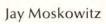
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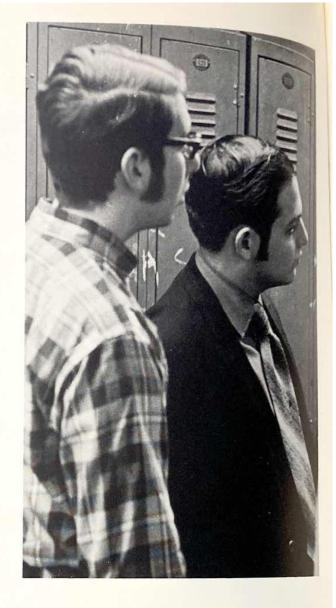
Douglas Porteus

Martin Sprinzen



Paul Nachowitz





Marc Robinson





Robert Buzerak Howard Klareich

Jean Barkan

Lynn Beesecker



Marilyn Hunger





Dan Fast
Hans Hartmann
Fred Heyden
Thomas Kalsky



George Melfi, Jr.

Richard Shaw

James Ulrich

Ronald Vogel



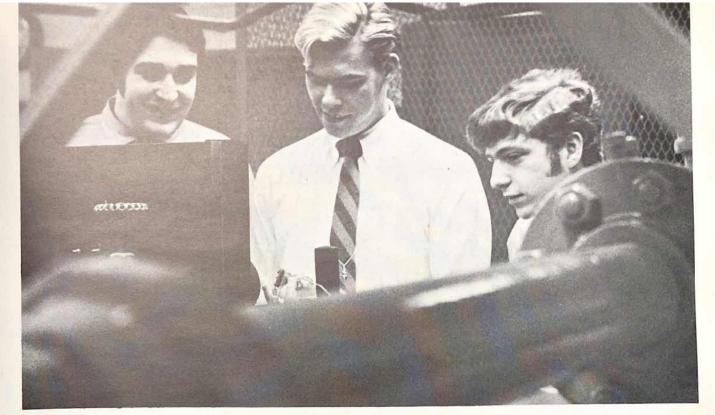
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Alan Shack

Peter Cooper

David Siegel

Michael Shtulsaft



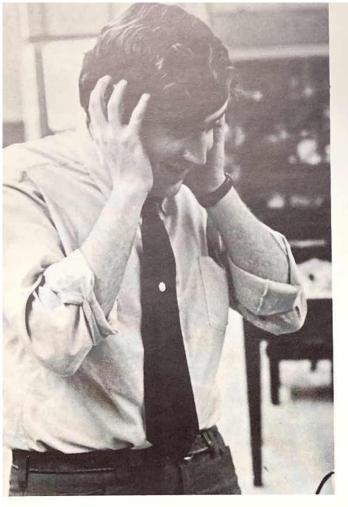
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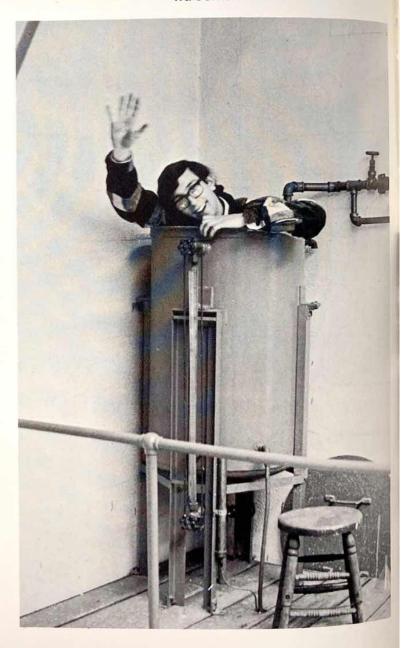
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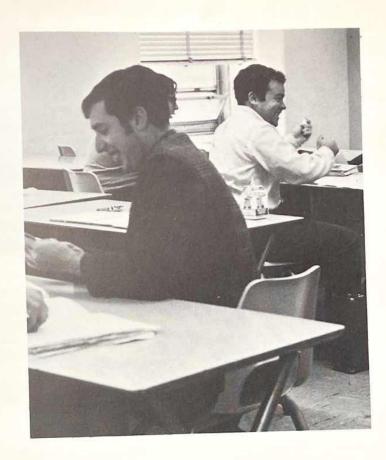
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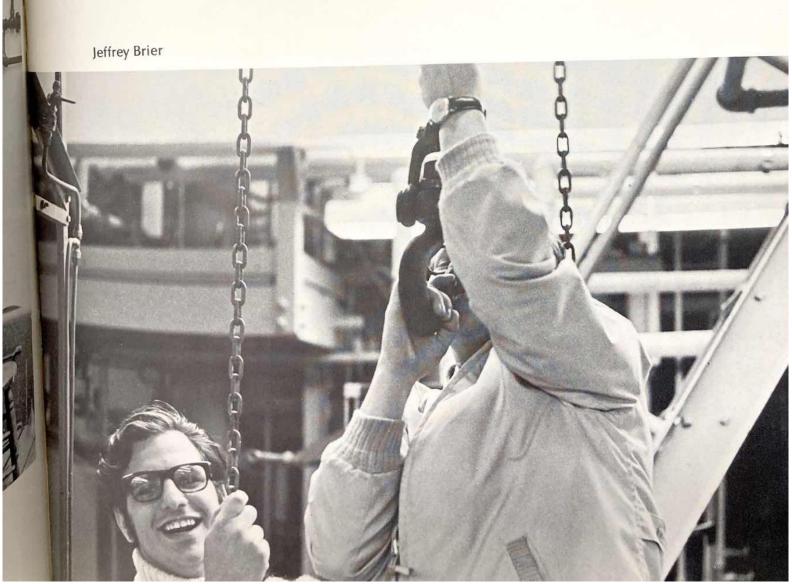


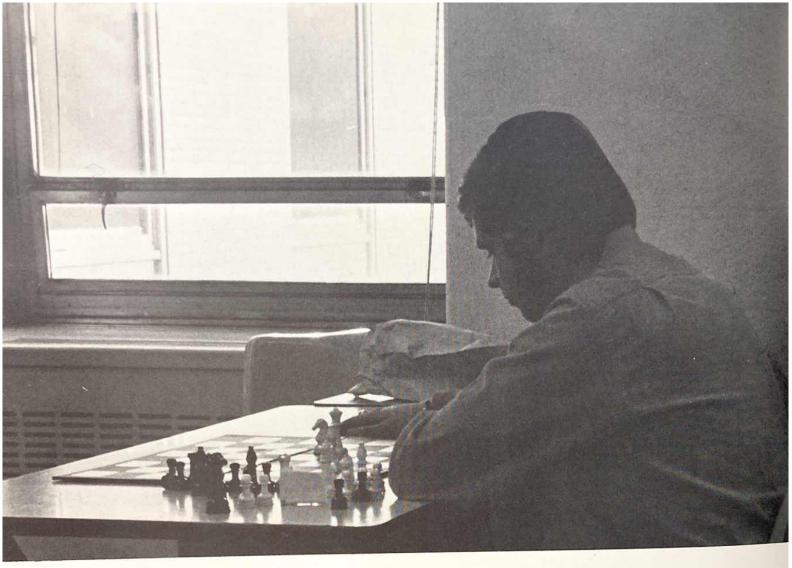
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Ronald Brandwein Marvin Blachman





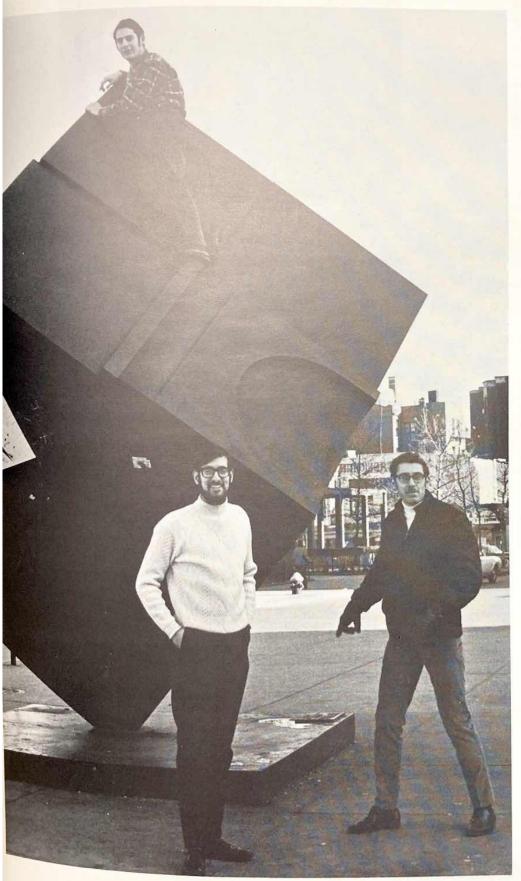


Leo Chirovsky

Joseph Protola

Thomas Slade







Howard Amols

Abraham Pallas

Mark Kaminsky



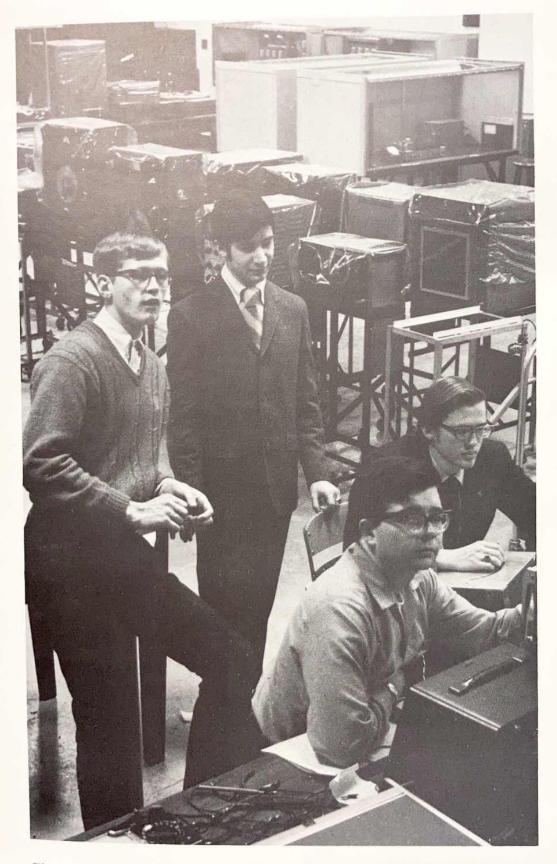
Jacob Reiss



David Offenberg Stewart Levine



James Bernitt
Frank Drost
David Armstrong



Thomas Raleigh Robert Piankian

Thomas Gulman
Arthur Hallberg



Jerry Collarini



Marc Pearl

## Norman Scheinberg

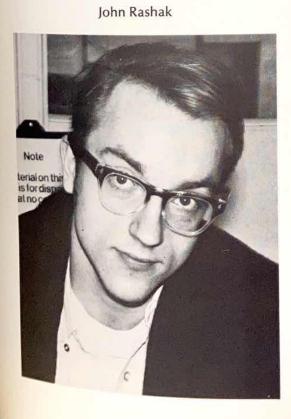




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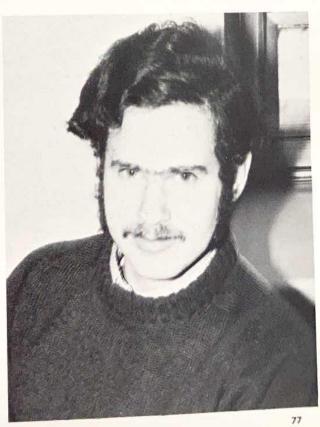


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Frederick Larsen

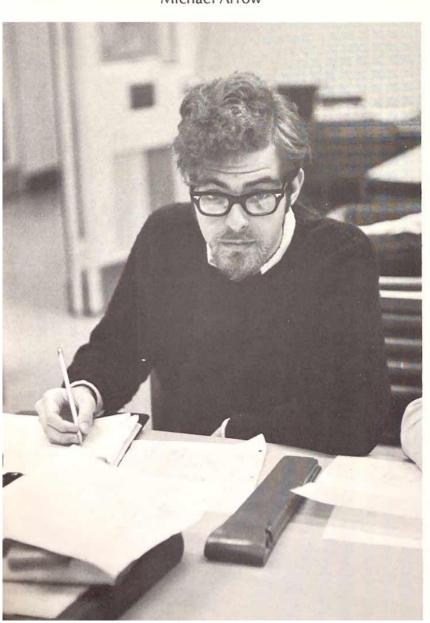




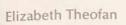


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Michael Arrow









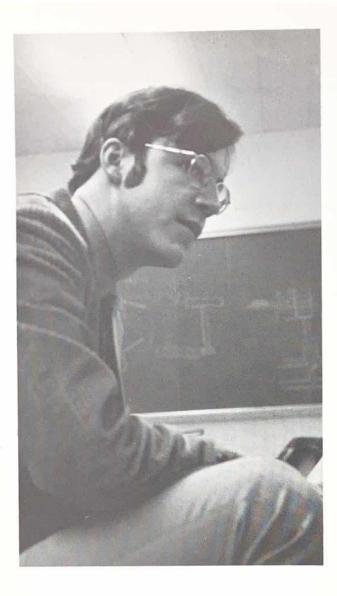
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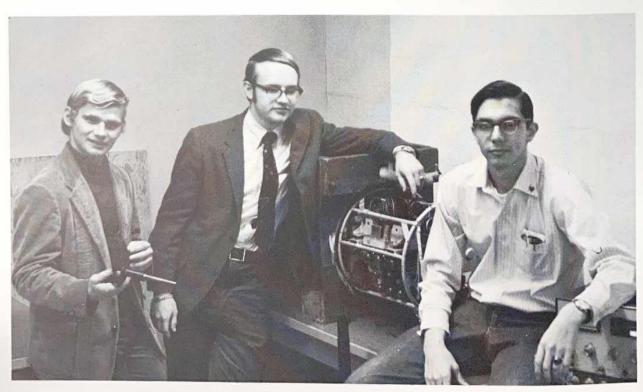
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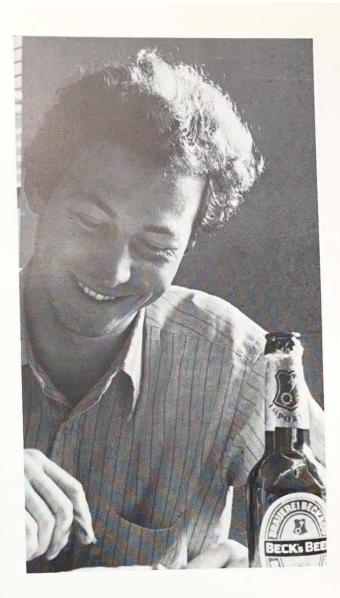
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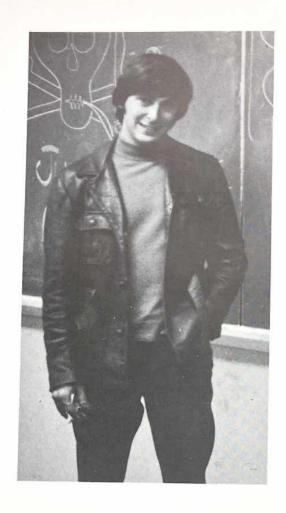


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Leslie Wong Joseph Barbiere Cheuk Yuen









Michael Riba Michael Verter Eugene Trager Jr.



Tai Lun Chan John Lum

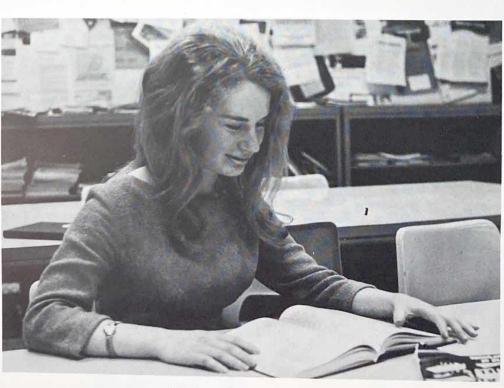


Mitchell Levy
Richard Lieberman



Gary Mund





Idelle Dear



Alan Bagner

Charles Peles
Leonard Avdey
Alexander Salpeter
Harvey Arnett







John Reith Gene Schiappa

David Reindl

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Howard Taubman

John Woods

Thomas Fitzgerald Frank Reda

> Ronald Evans James Mozzillo

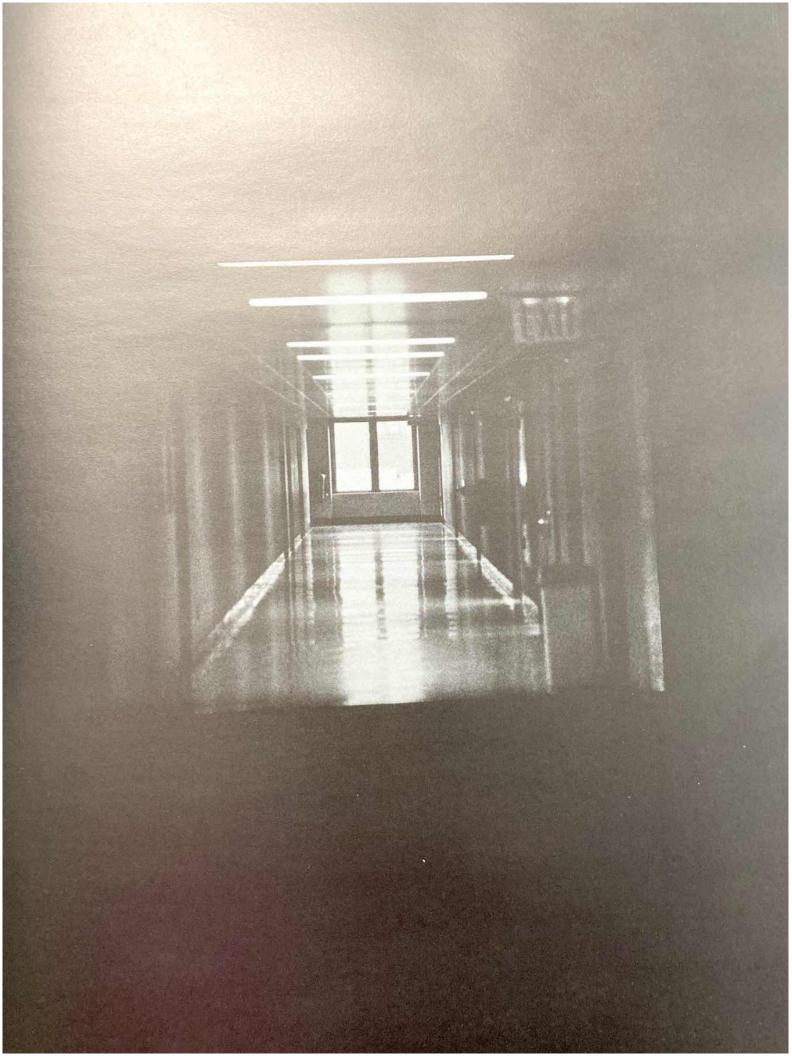
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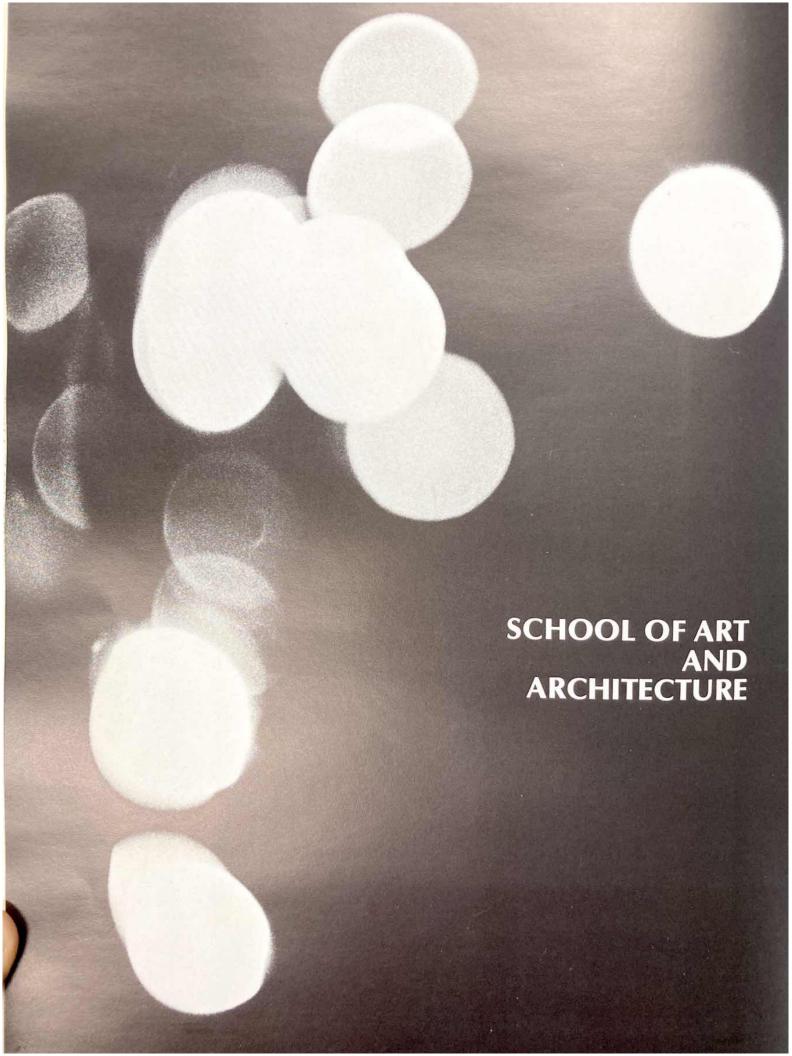
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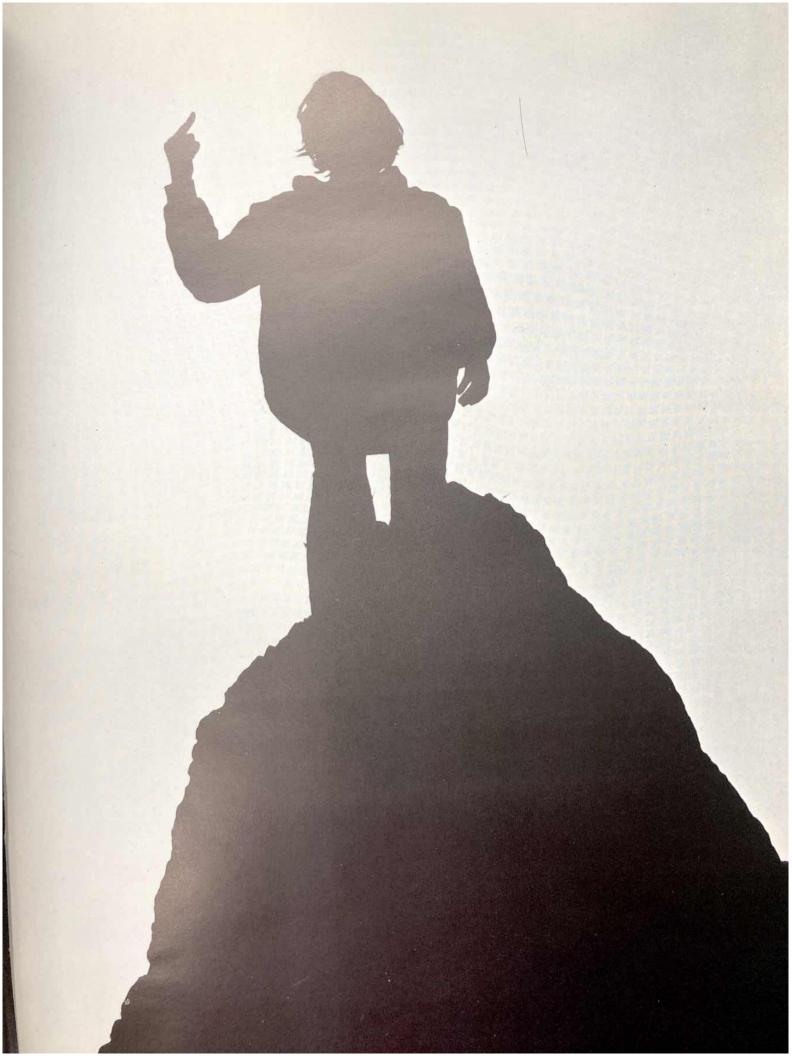


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Marvin Greenberg
William Hoffman
Joseph Melczer

Jose Permuy
Wilhelmus Schouten
Kenneth Shiloff
John Reyes









Roger Canon

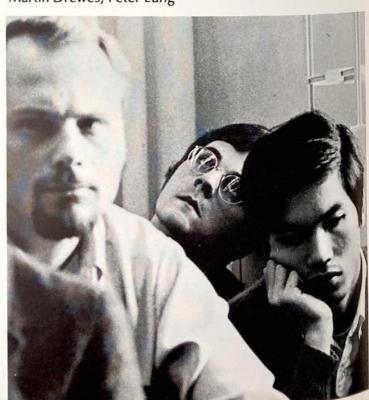


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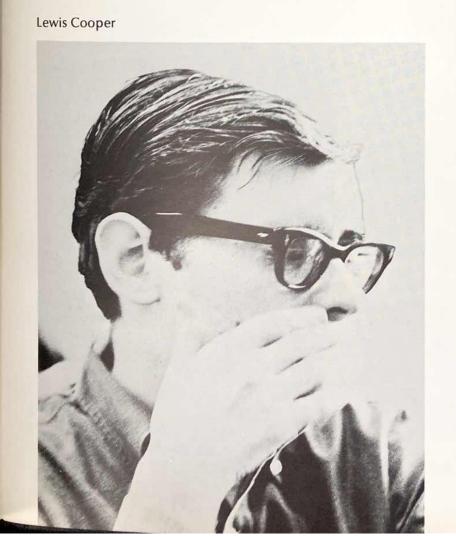
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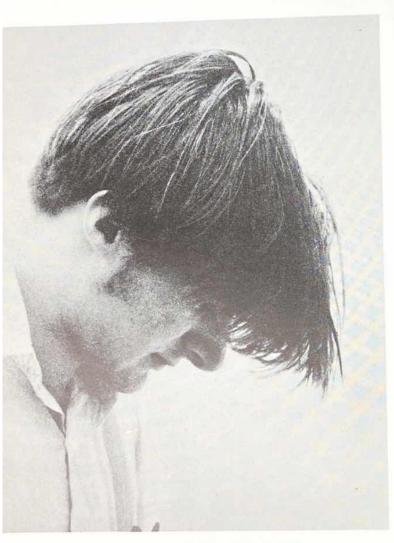
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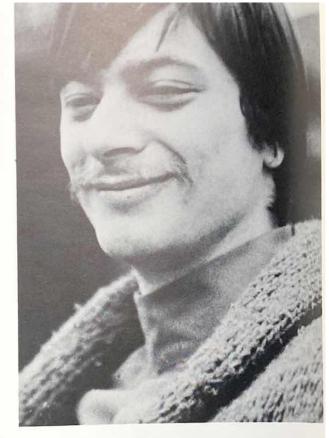
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Karlis Kivulis



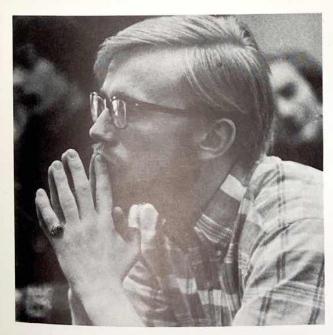
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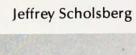
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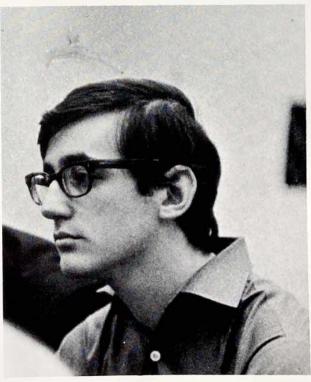


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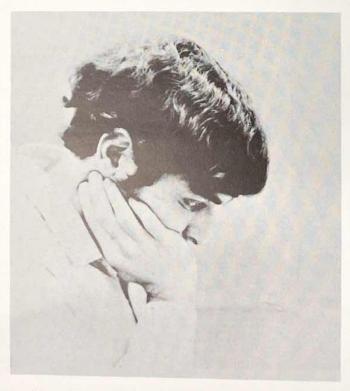
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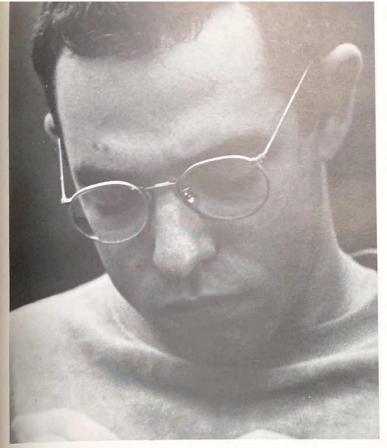




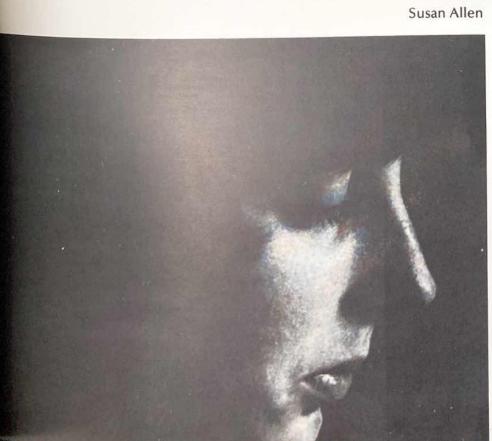
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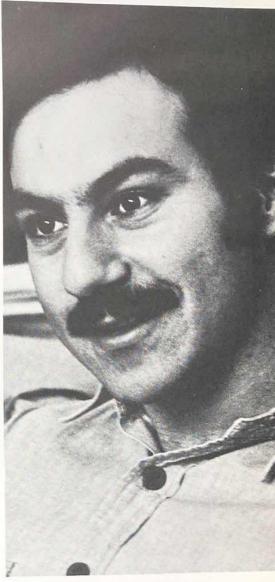
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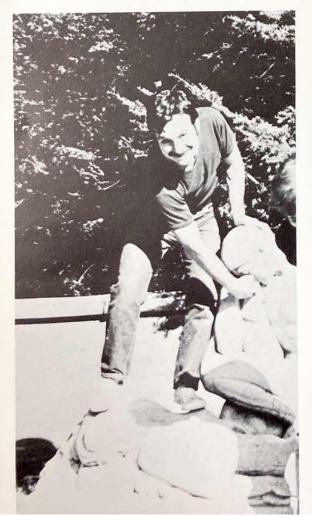
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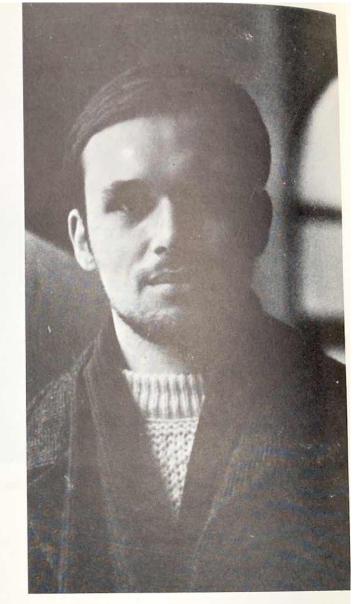




Larry Mitnick

## Peter Saltini





Edward Nilsson



Gordon Gagliano



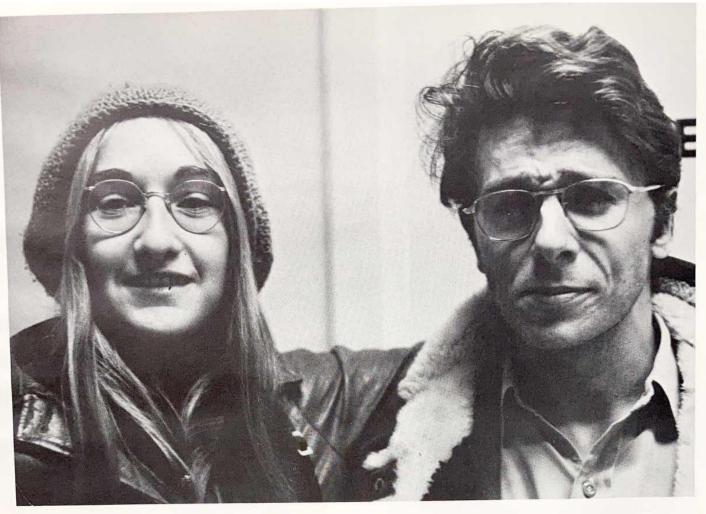








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Norberte Misthopoulos
Thomas Turkel
Ivan Zaknic
Kenneth Bonte
Gary Yates



Sheryl Bellman

Stephen Trussel



John Lotte

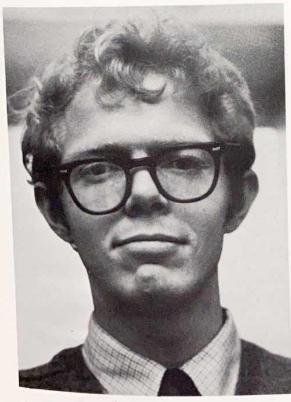


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Paul DiLella

Dianne Cooper

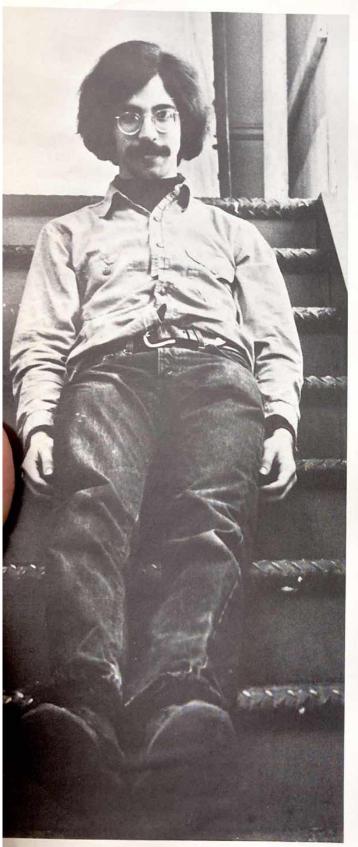


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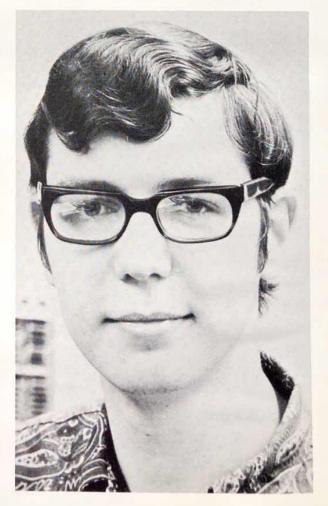


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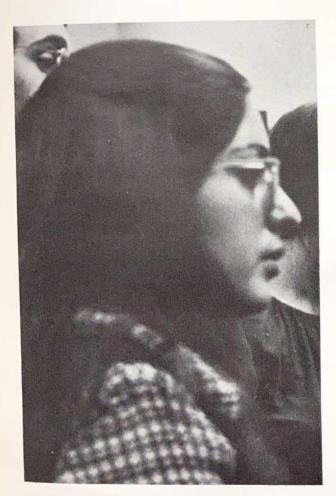




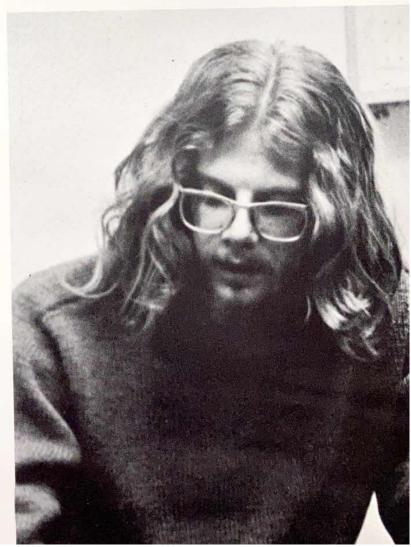




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Gail Feld



Michael Kanarek





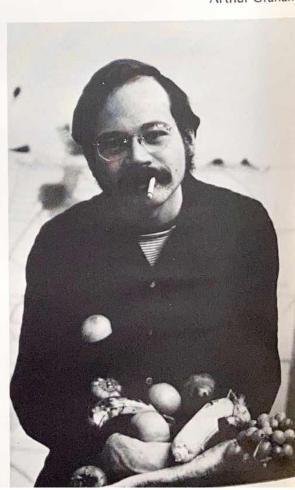
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Lucy Mahler

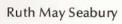
Arthur Graham





Donna Fioresi

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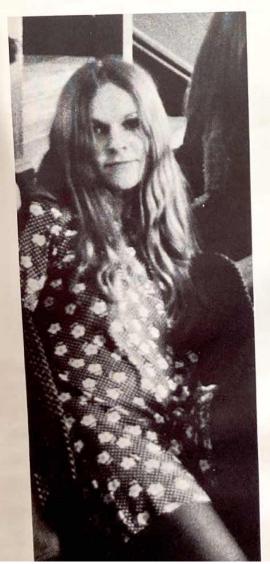
Nan Rabinowitz





William Miller

Dale Erickson



John Tomlinson





Joseph Fisher



Roslyn Eskind



Marion Ettlinger





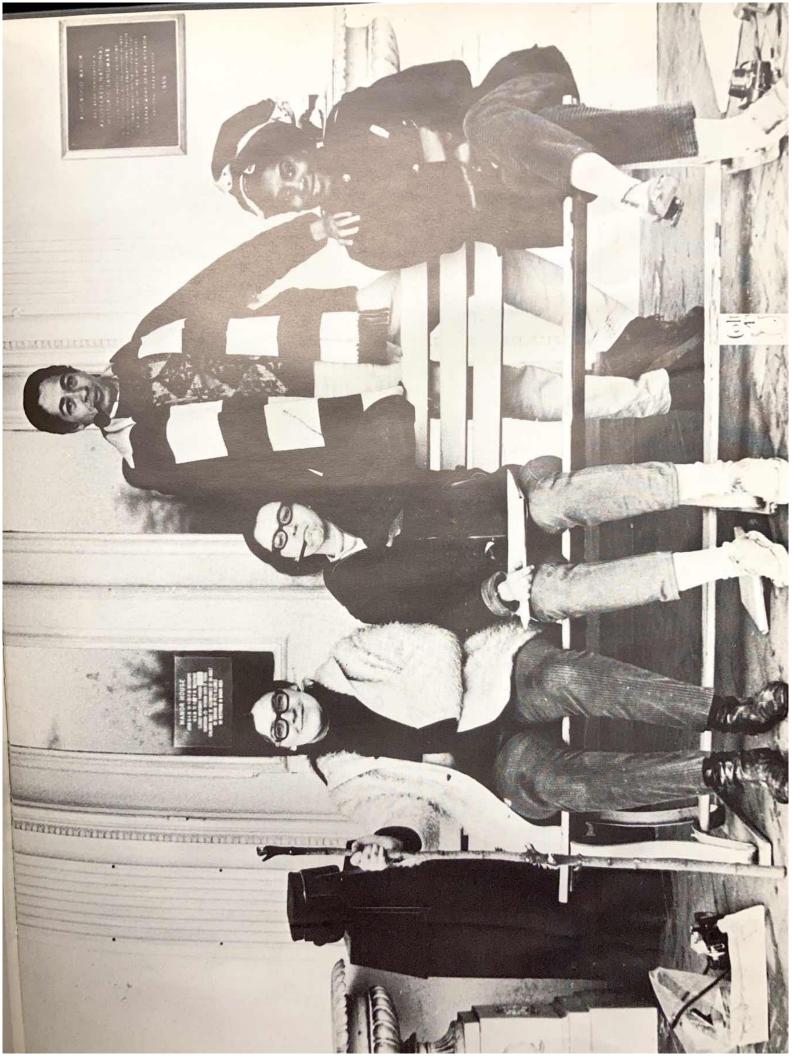
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Joyce Perlman
Roderick Knox
Marion Holmes

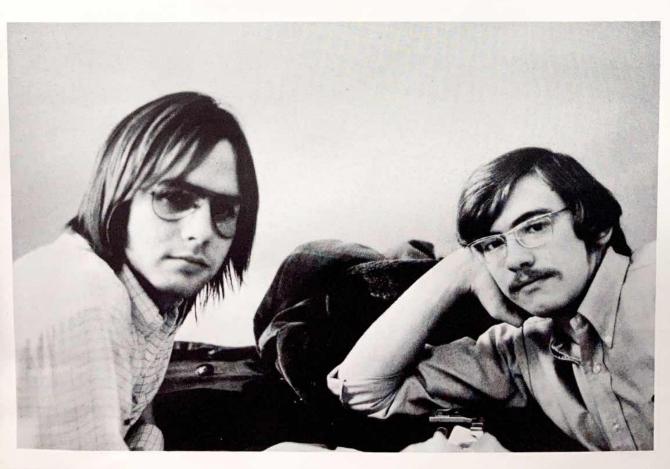




Marcia Askinazi



**Bonita Sommers** 



Robert Kendall

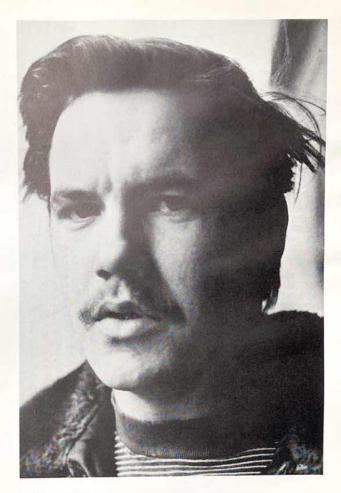
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Rosemarie Pantaleo



Lyn Tiefenbacher



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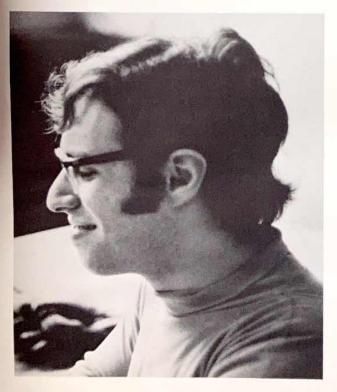


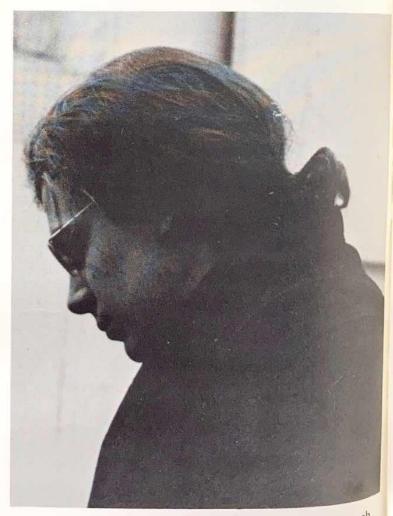
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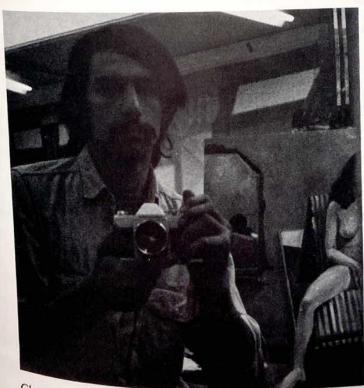


Philip Hough

Perry Steindel

## William Ruh



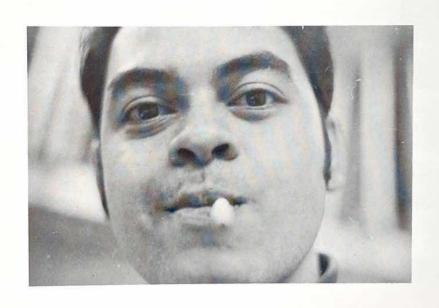


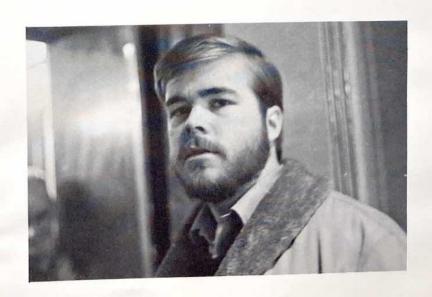
Christopher Castelli

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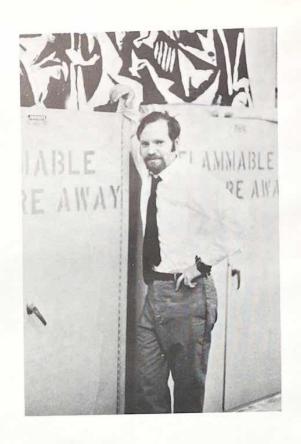
James Barden Walter Gallup Mary Gates Marcia Gold Florendo Norbert Roger Shepherd















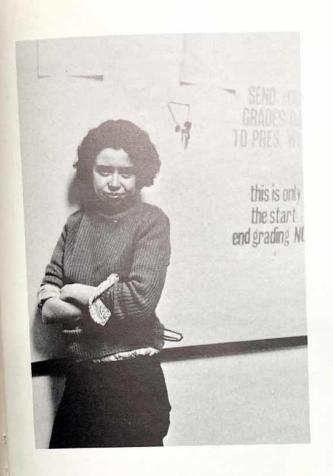




















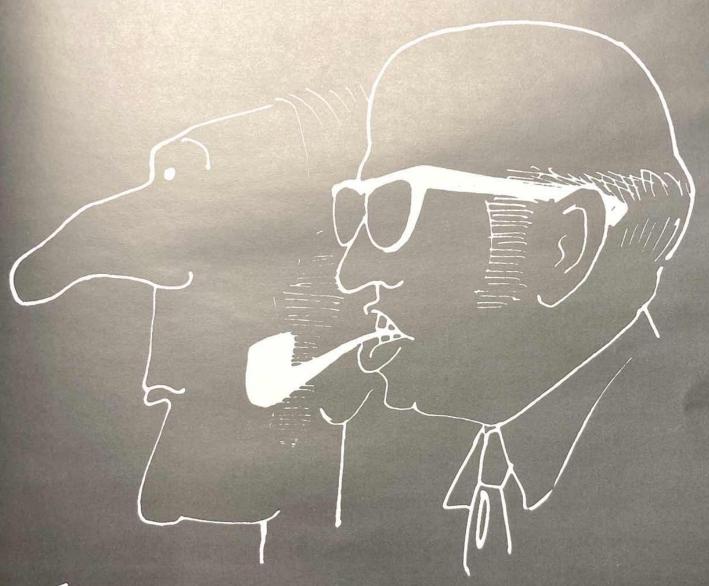


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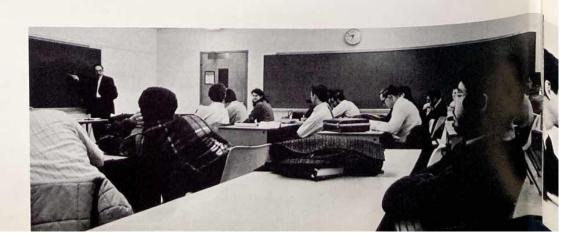
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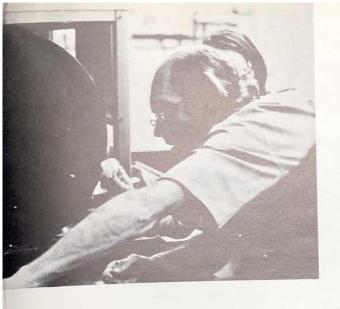
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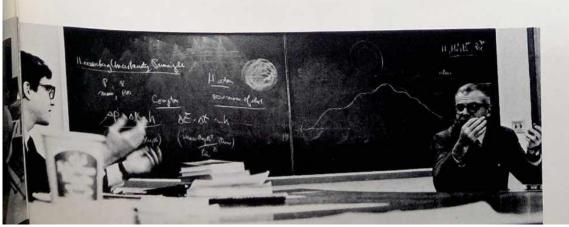








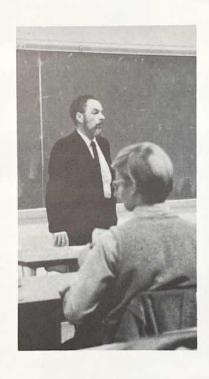




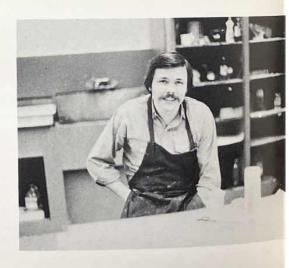
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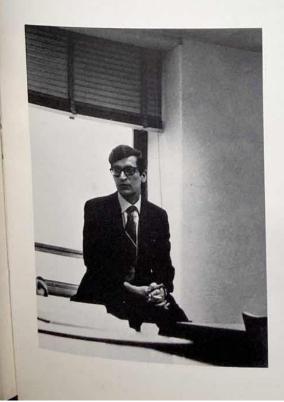


















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